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No. 1430.—November 4, 1871.

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From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.  
THE SEASHORE.

MOURN ON, O solitary sea!

I love to hear thy moan,  
The world's lament attuned to melody,  
In thy undying tone;  
Lo! on the yielding sand I lie alone,  
And the white cliffs around me draw their screen

And part me from the world. Let me disown  
For one short hour its pleasures and its spleen,  
And, wrapt in dreamy thoughts, some peaceful moments glean.

No voice of any living thing is near,  
Save the wild sea-bird's wail;  
That seems the cry of sorrow deep and drear,  
That nothing can avail;  
Now in the air with broad, white wing they sail,  
And now descending, dot the tawny sand.  
Now rest upon the waves, yet still their wail  
Of bitter sorrow floats towards the land,  
Like grief which change of scene is powerless to command.

The sea approaches, with its weary heart  
Moaning unquietly;  
An earnest grief, too tranquil to depart,  
Speaks in that troubled sigh;  
Yet its glad waves seem dancing merrily!

For hope from them conceals the warning tone;  
Gaily they rush toward the shore — to die.  
All their bright spray upon the bare sand thrown,  
While still around them wails the sad and ceaseless moan.

And thus it is in life, and in the breast  
Gay sparkling hopes arise,  
Each one in turn just shows its gleaming crest  
Then falls away and dies;  
On life's bare sands each cherished vision lies,  
Numbered with those that will return no more;  
Their early love — youth's dearly cherished ties —

Bright dreams of fame, lie perished on the shore,  
While the worn heart laments what grief can ne'er restore.

Yet still the broken waves, retiring, strive  
Again their crests to rear,  
Seeking in sparkling beauty to revive  
As in their first career;  
They strive in vain — their lustre bright and clear

Forsakes them now, with earth all dim and stained;

And thus the heart would raise its visions dear,  
And shape them new from fragments that remained,  
But finds their brightness gone, by earth's cold touch profaned.

Long have I lingered here, the evening fair  
In robe of mist draws nigh,

The sinking sea sighs forth its sad despair  
More and more distantly;  
Hushed is the sea bird's melancholy cry,  
For night approaches with the step of age,  
When youth's sharp griefs are softened to a sigh,  
And the dim eye afar beholds the page  
That holds the records sad of sorrow's former rage.

And nature answers my complaining woe  
With her own quiet lore,  
Bids me observe the mist ascending slow  
From the deserted shore,  
And learn that, scattered and defiled no more,  
The fallen waves are wafted to the skies;  
That thus the hopes I bitterly deplore,  
Though fast they fall before my aching eyes,  
Fall but in tears on earth to Heaven to rise.

From the Open Hand, issued at the Fair recently held in Worcester for the benefit of the People's Club.

#### NURSERY RHYMES FOR LITTLE SCIENTISTS.

##### FOR THE LITTLE BOTANIST.

LITTLE Bo-Peepals  
Has lost her sepals,  
And where do you think she'll find 'em?  
In the involucre,  
By hook or crook, or  
She'll make up her mind not to mind 'em.

##### FOR THE CHEMICAL CHILD.

Sing a song of acids,  
Base and alkali,  
Four-and-twenty gases  
Baked into a pie;  
When the pie was opened,  
Wonderful to say,  
Oxygen and nitrogen  
Both flew away!

##### FOR THE ASTRONOMIC INFANT.

By-Baby bunting,  
Father's gone star-hunting,  
Mother's at the telescope  
To read the baby's horoscope.

By-Baby buntoid,  
Father's found an asteroid;  
Mother makes by calculation,  
The angle of its inclination.

##### FOR THE YOUNG GEOLOGIST.

Trilobite, Graptobite,  
Nautilus pie,  
Seas were calcareous,  
Oceans were dry.  
Eocene, miocene,  
Pliocene, tuff,  
Lias and trias,  
And that is enough.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
SUPPRESSED AND CENSURED BOOKS.\*

THE history of the books which have been suppressed or censured in England is curious and interesting; and although we have no book in our language which rivals the Dictionary of literary martyrdom, published in France at the commencement of the present century by M. Peignot, we have collected some materials on the subject which may interest our readers.

The burning of heretical books is by no means, as might be supposed, a Christian invention. It is questionable whether the writings of Protagoras were really destroyed at Athens for their atheistical tendencies, but the existence of the report shows that the idea, at all events, was not alien to Greek sentiment, and the judicial murder of Socrates is a proof that the State was no stranger to the worst acts of intolerance. The destruction of Christian books formed part of heathen persecution; Diocletian, especially, in A.D. 303 ordering all such writings to be surrendered to the magistrates and committed to the flames. To Osius, Bishop of Cordova, the friend of Athanasius and Constantine, is ascribed the introduction of the practice among Christians. It was probably by his advice that the Emperor commanded all the writings of Arius to be burnt, and anyone found in possession of them after the publication of the edict to be put to death. In 435 an Armenian Council ordered the destruction of the writings of Nestorius, whilst the Constantinopolitan one of 680 showed the same marks of attention to those of the "infallible" Pope Honorius.

Various devices were employed in England for the repression of heresy and false teaching. At first it was altogether a question of Church discipline, the bishops having sole jurisdiction in such cases; the punishments also were ecclesiastical — penance and excommunication. But in 1382 the State began to interfere. The occasion arose from the dangerous doctrines Wyclif had set afloat on the subject of property — Wat Tyler's insurrection being

an illustration of the extremes to which the Lollards were carrying that teaching. The insurrection itself began, indeed, upon other grounds, nor does it seem that Wyclif himself was in any way concerned with it; but Friar John Balle, whose famous text at Blackheath was,

"When Adam dalve and Eave span,  
Who was then a gentleman?"

confessed before his death that he had been for two years a pupil of Wyclif, and had no doubt derived thence, in part at least, his revolutionary principles. The bishops had no longer the power to suppress these inflammatory doctrines, for the preachers of them kept moving from one diocese to another, and denied at the same time the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Parliament accordingly passed an Act, directing the authorities "to arrest all such preachers, and to hold them in arrest and strong prison, till they will justify themselves to the law and reason of Holy Church." Still the mischief continued, and in 1401 a far more severe Act was passed, so well known as the Act "*de hæretico comburendo*."

The "protomartyr of Wyclifism," as Dean Milman calls him,\* was W. Sawtree, at one time the priest of St. Margaret's, in King's Lynn, but then a preacher at St. Osyth's in the city of London. Before coming to London he had been convicted of denying transubstantiation, a circumstance which, on his second trial, he had the audacity to say had never occurred. He was condemned as a relapsed heretic, and handed over to the civil authorities.

"Sawtree," says Dr. Shirley,† "is usually spoken of as the first victim of the statute *de hæretico comburendo*. But it is remarkable that the writ for his execution appears on the Rolls of Parliament before the Act itself. This order may be merely a matter of arrangement, but it is observable that if the Act had been already passed, the writ would have been issued, as a matter of course, to the sheriff, and would never have appeared on the Rolls at all. It appears probable therefore that Sawtree suf-

\* History of Latin Christianity, vol. viii. p. 211, 3rd ed.

† Pref. to Fasciculi zizaniorum Magistri Johannis Wyclif cum tritico, in Rerum Britannicarum medii ævi Scriptores. (London: 1858.)

\* *Dictionnaire critique, littéraire et bibliographique des principaux livres condamnés au feu, supprimés ou censurés*. Par G. PEIGNOT. Paris: 1806.

ferred under a special Act, proposed perhaps by the clerical party in order to ascertain the feeling of Parliament as to the larger measure that followed."

The last instances of the execution of heretics occurred in 1612, when Bartholomew Legate was burnt at Smithfield for holding opinions very similar to those of the Unitarians of our own day—a like punishment being given that same year to Edward Wightman, at Litchfield, for holding no less than nine "damnable heresies." Popular feeling, however, seems to have become so strong upon the subject, that this method of repressing false doctrine was never resorted to again.

The book against which the most unceasing crusades were made was the English translation of the Bible. Ten years after Wyclif had finished his translation, in 1380, an attempt was made in the House of Lords to pass a bill for suppressing it. On that occasion, however, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, stoutly declared that he would "maintain our having this law in our own tongue, whoever they should be that brought in the bill," and the attempt failed for the time. Afterwards, however, the reading or possession of that version was made a capital crime, and there are many instances on record where the extreme punishment was inflicted.

On December 2, 1525, Edward Lee, afterwards Archbishop of York, writes to the King from Bordeaux, telling him that "An Englishman, your subject, at the solicitation and instance of Luther, with whom he is, hath translated the New Testament into English, and within a few days intendeth to return with the same imprinted into England."\* The Englishman was Tyndal, and his translation the first ever printed in English. Two editions apparently were struck off in 1525—the first at Cologne, the second at Worms, and a third at Antwerp in 1526. Of the first, a fragment of thirty-one leaves in the Grenville Library is the only one known; of the second, a perfect copy except the title is in the Baptist Museum, Bristol; of the third, no copy is known to exist. The earliest had a narrow escape from

destruction before leaving the printers. Cochlaeus tells us in his "History of Martin Luther" that, whilst at Cologne superintending the printing of the works of Abbot Rupert, he had information that two Englishmen were bringing out a work that would convert all England to Lutheranism. By inviting the printers to his lodgings and plying them with wine, he extracted from them the intelligence that the book was the New Testament. He gave immediate information to one of the Cologne magistrates, and had the office searched. But Tyndal and his companions had taken the alarm, and carried off the sheets, which had been printed as far as signature K, the edition consisting of 3,000 copies. It had marginal notes and a prologue, the Cologne one containing the text only.

Hearing of these proceedings, the English bishops took immediate action, and subscribed among themselves to purchase as many copies as possible, especially of the Antwerp edition, Archbishop Warham being apparently the prime mover in the matter, though Tostall, Bishop of London, was the means of its being carried out.\* The details will be found in Foxe. A large number of copies were secured, and on Shrove Sunday 1527, there was a grand demonstration at St. Paul's, and the offending volumes were solemnly committed to the flames, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, preaching the sermon on the occasion.†

This burning is alluded to in a very scurrilous publication which appeared probably soon afterwards, though the date of its appearance is very uncertain, called

"Rede me and be nott wrothe,  
For I saye no thyng but trothe,"

the authorship of which is usually attributed to W. Roye, a friar observant of the Franciscan order at Greenwich. It consists mainly of a ribald attack upon the "caytyfe" Wolsey, who spared neither pains nor expense to destroy the work. In 1546 a second edition, considerably altered, was published by Jerome, a friend of Roye, in which the abuse of the Card-

\* Ellis's Letters, 3rd Ser. vol. ii. p. 71.

\* Froude, vol. ii. p. 42, note.

† Ibid. pp. 42-45.

nal was transferred to the Romish bishops in general. Perhaps not more than half a dozen copies of the original edition are in existence; one of these is in the Grenville Library in the British Museum.

In June 1530, the King took the first public notice of these translations, incited no doubt thereto by a memorial of the House of Commons which declared that the Acts against errors given by occasion of frantic seditious books compiled, published, and made in the English tongue were badly administered and required more strict laws to be made. Accordingly, he issued a proclamation, a copy of which was discovered some years ago in the Chapter House at Westminster, in which every person "whiche hath the new testament or the olde translated in to Englysshe, or any other boke of holy Scripture so translated, beyng in printe, or copied out of the bokes now beinge in printe," is commanded to give them up within fifteen days, "as he wyll avoyde the Kynges high indignation and displeasure." Bishop Stokesley presided at the burning of the Bibles on this occasion.

The first version of the Bible "set for wyth the Kynges most gracious licence" was that of Coverdale, but it soon was practically superseded by that issued by "Matthew" and revised by Crammer, but based upon that of Tyndal. The question, however, about the version was finally settled by a proclamation, issued July 8, 1546, which orders that "no man, woman or person of what estate, condition, or degree soever they be, shall after the last day of August next ensuing receive, have, take, or keep in his or their possession the text of the New Testament of Tyndal's or Coverdale's translation in English, nor any other than is permitted by the Act of Parliament, made in the Session of Parliament holden at Westminster in the 34th and 35th year of his Majesty's most noble reign."

When the Scriptures were no longer interdicted, printers themselves began to supply only too satisfactory reasons why many of their editions should be suppressed. In the year 1631 in a Bible and Prayer Book printed by R. Barker and the assigns of John Bill, the word "not" was

omitted in the seventh commandment. An omission of precisely the same character is to be found in a German Bible printed at Halle in 1731. This discovery led to a further examination of the edition, which Laud \* tells us brought to light not less than 1,000 mistakes in this and another edition of these printers. They were cited accordingly before the High Commission, fined 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.*, and the whole impression destroyed. Two copies, however, were known to the late Mr. G. Offor, one of which was about to be sent to America; another is in the Bodleian.

A story told about Dr. Usher illustrates very forcibly the extent to which ignorant and inefficient men must have been employed in correcting the press. The Bishop of Armagh "one day hastening to preach at Paul's Cross, entered the house of one of the stationers, as book-sellers were then called, and, inquiring for a Bible of the London edition, when he came to look for his text, to his astonishment and horror he discovered that the verse was omitted in the Bible! This gave the first occasion of complaint to the King of the insufferable negligence and incapacity of the London press, and, says the manuscript writer of this anecdote (Harl. M.S. 6395), bred that great contest which followed between the University of Cambridge and the London stationers about the right of printing Bibles."†

One cannot help contrasting this negligence with the care employed over that rare treasure, Coverdale's Bible of 1535, where the reader's attention is called to a "faute escaped in pryntyng the New Testament. Upon the fourth leafe the first syde in the sixth chapter of St. Matthew, 'seke ye first the kingdome of heaven,' read 'seke ye first the kingdome of God.'" A New Testament, however, a revision of that translation, printed by J. Nicholson in 1538, was found to be so full of errata that Coverdale ordered the printer to recall as many copies as possible and destroy them. The edition consequently is a very rare one now.

\* Works, vol. iv. p. 165. Oxford edition.

† Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. iii. p. 428. Ed. 1863.

The word "not" was again omitted in a pearl Bible, printed by Field in 1653; 1 Cor. vi. 9, reads, "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the kingdom of God." Strange, indeed, must be the perversity that could take advantage of so manifest an error. Yet Kilburn, in a little book to be mentioned presently, declares, "This is the foundation of a damnable doctrine; for it hath been averred by a reverend Doctor of Divinity to several worthy persons that many libertines and licentious people did produce and urge this text from the authority of this corrupt Bible against his mild reproofs, in justification of their vicious and inordinate conversation." The printer was examined before the sub-committee for religion of the House of Commons, and acknowledged that he had printed off 2,000 copies. The committee, however, succeeded in securing no less than 7,900 copies. Another of Field's Bibles printed at Cambridge in 1638, contained a famous alteration of the original text. Acts vi. 3, was made to run thus, "whom *ye* may appoint." It was said that the Independents bribed the printers for the sum of 1,500*l.* to make the alteration. The report, however, is most improbable, and appears to rest on no good authority. Of another edition, printed in King Charles's time," Noye says in his "Defence of the Canon of the New Testament" (p. 86), that Psalm xiv. 1, was, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is a God"; he adds that the printers were fined 3,000*l.*, and all the copies suppressed. An opposite error occurs in Dr. Conquest's edition of the Bible, "with 20,000 emendations," (Lond. 1841), where Job v. 7, is, "Man is not born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

Kilburn had then only too many reasons for the pamphlet he published in 1659, entitled "Dangerous Errors in several late printed Bibles, to the great scandal and corruption of sacred and true religion." He describes it as "an animadversion to all good Christians of this Commonwealth, discovering among many thousands of others, some pernicious, erroneous, and corrupt erratas, escapes and faults, in small impressions, of the Holy Bible and Testament, within these late years, commonly vented and dispersed, to the great scandal of religion, but more especially in the impressions of Henry Hills and John Field." The suppression of the office of King's Printer led, he says, to the importation of impressions from abroad, which were so full of errors that in 1643 Parliament, at the in-

stigation of the Assembly of Divines, destroyed all copies that could be obtained, and forbade all further importations. The assembly desired to find an English printer who would undertake the work; but no one ventured to do so, till Mr. Bentley, of Finsbury, brought out an impression in 1646. In 1655 Hills and Fields attempted to monopolize the printing "by abusing the authority of the State;" but, by Kilburn's account, they were as grievous offenders as any others. After mentioning one of their editions, printed in 1655, which was seized and prohibited, he loses all grammatical propriety in speaking of an edition brought out the following year.

"I am confident, if the number of the impression was (as I am informed) 20,000, there were as many faults therein. . . . It is the worst of all the rest." The sale of this edition was prohibited by Parliament, but with little effect, as the petty chapmen managed to find customers for them at country fairs and markets.

Of English works committed to the flames before the invention of printing, we must allude, and that briefly, to only one instance, that of Reginald Peacock, the author of "Precursor," which Dean Milman characterizes as the greatest work, certainly the greatest theological work, which had yet appeared in English prose. In the Dean's "Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral," may be read the story, very graphically told, how "the greatest intellect of his age, the most powerful theologian in England, disgraced himself by miserable cowardice," in casting his voluminous works with his own hands into the fire.

On June 19, 1520, was issued the Papal bull for the destruction of all Luther's publications. Wolsey declined to enforce it in England, saying it gave him no power to do so; and there is little doubt but that if the Cardinal had been left to himself, none of the cruel proceedings which disgrace the reign of Henry VIII. would have been set on foot. It is in this point he contrasts so favourably with the Lord Chancellor. "With Wolsey," says Froude, "heresy was an error, with More it was a crime." A special request, however, from the Pope himself to have the bull published in England left him no longer free in the matter. A large number of books accordingly was secured; Wolsey goes in state to St. Paul's; the Bishop of Rochester, at the Pope's command, preaches against Luther, and denounces those who kept any of his writings, and there "were many burned in the said



church-yard of the said books during the sermon."

Besides the Bibles which were prohibited by the proclamation already mentioned, which was issued in 1530, several other books were laid under similar penalties. Those mentioned by name are: "The Wicked Mammon," "The Obedience of a Christian Man," "The Supplication of Beggars," "The Revelation of Antichrist," and "The Summary of Scripture," which, "imprinted beyond ye see, do conteyne in them pestiferous errours and blasphemies, and for that cause shall from hensforth be reputed and taken of all men for books of heresie, and worthy to be dampned and put in perpetuall oblivion." "The Supplication of Beggars" was the production of Simon Fish, a student of Gray's Inn. Soon after entering, an interlude was performed, written by a member of the Inn, Mr. Roo or Roe. In it there was a considerable amount of abuse of Cardinal Wolsey, and no one else venturing to play the character to which the abuse was assigned, Fish professed himself ready to do so. That night the Cardinal attempted to apprehend him, but Fish escaped to Germany, where he fell in with Tyndal. It seems to have been soon after this that he wrote the book. The British Museum possesses a unique copy of what is probably the first edition. Of the other works mentioned, "The Summary of Scripture" was a translation by Fish from the German. "The Wicked Mammon" and "The Obedience of a Christian Man" were by Tyndal. Another of Tyndal's publications was "The Practyse of Prelats; whether the Kynges Grace may be separated from hys Queene because she was hys brothers wyfe:" 1546. It is often mentioned by Foxe among the books that were forbidden under heavy penalties to be read or possessed. Frith's writings, too, by which Cranmer is said to have been converted, were among the prohibited books.

In 1546, in the proclamation already mentioned, came the sweeping order that no person whatever should possess "any manner of bookes, printed or written in the English tongue, which shall be set forth in the names of Frith, Tyndal, Wickliff, Joy, Roye, Basil, Bale, Barnes, Coverdale, Turner, Tracy, or by any of them; or any other booke or bookes containing matter contrary to the Act made in the year 34 or 35." All such books are to be delivered to the bishop, chancellor, commissary, or sheriff, who shall cause them incontinently to be burned. The extent

to which this order was carried out may be inferred from the fact that four treatises attributed (but erroneously) to Wyclif, printed by R. Redman, in 1527—1532, fetched at Mr. James Dix's sale, in February last, no less than 100*l.* a-piece. In each case the copy was presumed to be unique. The treatises are really parts of a book, a more perfect copy of which is to be found in the Lambeth Library.

A vast number of curious books perished in consequence of "An Act for the abolishing and putting awaie of diverse books and images," passed 3rd and 4th Edward VI.

"The Booke of Common Prayer having been set forth, it is enacted that 'All bookes called antiphoners, myssales, sorayles, processionales, manuelles, legends, pyes, portuytes, prymars in Lattyn or Inglish, cowchers, journales, ordinales, or other bookes or writings whatsoever, heretofore used for service of the church, written or prynted in the Inglish or Lattyn tongue shalbe . . . clerelie and utterlie abolished, extinguished, and forbidden for ever to be used or kepte in this realme or elsewhere within any of the King's dominions.' Persons in possession of such books are immediately to give them up to the authorities, who within three months are to deliver them to the archbishop or bishop of the diocese, 'to be openlye breut or otherwayes defaced and destroyed.' Persons found with such books in their possession after the time specified are, for the first offence, to pay a fine of twenty shillings, for the second, four pounds, and for the third, to be imprisoned at the King's will. If the civil or ecclesiastical authorities fail to carry out their instructions within forty days, they are to be fined 40*l.*

"Provyded alwayes and be it enacted by thauctoritie aforesaide, that any person or persons may use, kepe, have, and reteyne any prymars in the Englishe or Lattyn tongue, set forth by the late Kinge of famous memorie, Kinge Henrie theight, so that the sentences of invocation or prayer to saintes in the same prymars be blotted or clerelye put out of the same, anie thinge in this Act to the contrarye notwithstanding."

Hearne† believed that the King, if he had lived, would have repented of this extravagant Act and lays the blame of it on Cranmer.

Only three proclamations were issued by Queen Mary against books: the first of August 18, 1553, which, amongst other things, forbade the *public* reading and interpreting of the Scriptures; the second, June 13, 1555; and the third, June 6, 1558. With reference to the second, in

\* Statutes of the Realm, vol. iv. pp. 110, 111.

† Peter Langtoft's Chronicle, vol. ii. p. 560 (ed. 1810).

which twenty-three authors are denounced by name, twelve foreign and eleven English, Strype tells us that the occasion of it was a book sent from abroad, called "A Warning for England," which put Englishmen on their guard against Spain, and gave information of a plan that was on foot for regaining possession of the lands formerly belonging to monasteries. And, with regard to the last, he gives the following explanation:—

"There was one book indeed that came out this year, which the proclamation might have a particular eye to, viz., Christopher Goodman's book. It was entitled 'How superior powers ought to be obeyed of their subjects, and wherein they may lawfully by God's law be disobeyed and resisted; wherein is declared the cause of all this present misery in England, and the only way to remedy the same. Printed at Geneva by John Crispin, mdlviii.' The preface is writ by Will Whittingham, then also at Geneva. Though a little book in decimo-sexto, it is full of bitterness, and encourageth to take up arms against Queen Mary, and to dethrone her; and that upon this reason among others, because it is not lawful for women to reign. As it had Whittingham's preface at the beginning of it, so had it William Kethe, another divine at Geneva, his approbation in verse at the end, which verses will show the intent of the book."

Then follow four verses, the third of which will be enough to quote here:—

"A public weal, wretched and too far disgraced,  
Where the right head † is off cut and a wrong  
instead placed:

A brute beast untamed, a misbegotten,  
More meet to be ruled than rule among men.

"Such treatment of the Queen as this was did, no question, irritate her much, and provoke her to issue out such angry declarations of her mind and resolutions of taking vengeance of all such-like book-writers and book-readers."

The proclamation was, indeed, a very strong one; it commands all wicked and seditious books to be delivered up *on pain of death*, without delay, by martial law.

We come now to the reign of Elizabeth, when several works on various subjects were very summarily dealt with. The first we will mention was on a subject that caused great anxiety during this reign, that of the Succession. The doubtful legitimacy of the Queen herself, the testamentary dispositions of Henry VIII. in

favour of the children of his younger sister Mary Duchess of Suffolk, and the claims of Mary, Queen of Scots, as the representative of the King's elder sister Margaret, all concurred to render the question of the future descent of the Crown a subject of most perilous import to those who ventured to discuss it.

One person, however, John Hales, Clerk of the Hanaper, published a book in 1563, entitled "A declaration of the succession of the crown of England," in support of the marriage and the claims of Lord Hertford's children by the Lady Catherine Grey. The Queen was so angry at its appearance that the author was committed to the Tower, and Bacon himself, the Lord Keeper, who was suspected of having had a hand in its appearance, fell considerably in his mistress's favour.

In 1594, seven years after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, appeared "A conference about the next Succession to the crowne of England, published by R. Doleman. Imprinted at N. with licence." This work supported the claims of Lord Hertford's second son, or the children of the Countess of Derby, amongst English persons; or, if these are set aside, "of any one foreyne Prince that pretendeth, the Infanta of Spayne is likeliest to bear it away." The authors of the book were R. Parsons the Jesuit, Cardinal Allen, and Sir Francis Englefield. The unfortunate printer is said to have been hanged, drawn, and quartered; and the book itself so rigorously suppressed, that it was made high treason to possess a copy of it. Herbert, however,\* contradicts this last assertion. It made little difference, however, which side in the controversy any author might take; the fact of his daring to express his sentiments on the point was a sufficient reason for his being told to hold his tongue. Accordingly, when in 1593, Peter Wentworth published "A pithie exhortation to her Majestie for establishing her successor to the crown; where unto is added a discourse containing the author's opinion of the true and lawful successor to her Majesty," he soon had reason to lament his audacity. A printed slip in the Grenville copy of his book informs us "Doleman's objections to the succession of James I. were ably refuted in this volume, and the claims of the Scottish King set forth by sound argument; yet for daring to advise his Sovereign, the author was committed to the Tower, where he shortly afterwards died, and his book

\* Ecclesiastical Memorials, vol. III. pt. 2, pp. 131, 132.

† Queen Jane.

\* Ames, vol. III. 1723.

ordered to be burnt by the hangman." This last assertion, is, we shall see presently, somewhat questionable.

Whether Elizabeth was ever really in earnest in any of her numerous love affairs, it is impossible to say; but perhaps her first admirer, Thomas Seymour, did succeed in gaining her affections; and it seems hard to believe but that the Earl of Leicester had ample reason for supposing his passion to be returned. There can be no question, however, about her unqueenly behaviour towards some of her suitors, particularly the Archduke Charles in 1564; or again still more unpardonably, the young Duke of Anjou in 1579, when she was forty-six years old. The general belief that this marriage would take place roused some vehement feelings, which found expression in a book by John Stubbes, "The discovery of a gaping gulf wherinto England is like to be swallowed by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the Banes, by letting her Majesty see the sin and punishment thereof." Hallam assures us that the book was "very far from a virulent libel, and written with great affection." If so the author was very unfortunate in the choice of his title. On the 27th of September appeared the proclamation for its suppression, where it is described as a "fardell of false reportes, suggestions, and manifest lies;" and directions are given that it should be destroyed "in open sight of some publique officer." The author himself, and Page the distributor, were brought into the market-place at Westminster, and there had their right hands cut off with a butcher's knife and a mallet. Stubbes took off his cap with his left hand and cried "Long live Queen Elizabeth." On October 5, 1579, a circular was prepared by the Council to give notice to the clergy and others that the seditious suggestions set forth in Stubbes's book were without foundation, and that special noted preachers should declare the same to the people. Eleven copies of this circular are in the State Paper Office unfinished, some signed, others not fully signed, and some not signed at all; from which it would appear that none were sent, and that the matter dropped.\*

Sometime before this, on February 25, 1570, Pope Sixtus V. issued his famous Bull against Queen Elizabeth, a copy of which was nailed on the door of the Bishop of London on May 15. The Pope describes her as a bastard and usurper,

the persecutor of God's saints, and declares that it would be an act of virtue, to be repaid with plenary indulgence and forgiveness of all sins, to lay violent hands on her and deliver her into the hands of her enemies. Philip of Spain is the rightful King of England, the Defender of the Faith: he is the head of the league formed for her destruction, and Alexander Duke of Parma is commander-in-chief. The Bull was translated into English, and printed in large numbers at Antwerp. At the same time, Dr. Allen, just made a Cardinal, whom the Queen describes as a "lewd-born subject of ours, now become an arche traitor," wrote a pamphlet, which she characterizes as a "vile, slanderous, and blasphemous book, containing as many lies as lines," under the direction of the Duke of Parma. This pamphlet was translated into English, and a large edition printed for distribution in England, when the enemy should set foot in it. It was entitled "An Admonition to the Nobility and People of England and Ireland concerning the present Wares, made for the execution of His Holines Sentence by the highe and mightie King Catholike of Spain." "The 'Admonition,'" says Mr. Motley,\* "accused the Queen of every crime and vice that can pollute humanity, and it was filled with foul details unfit for the public eye in these more decent days." A copy of this very rare work is in the Grenville Library.

Along with these was prepared a broadside for yet wider distribution. It was to have been posted up in every conspicuous place if the Armada had been successful. The heading was: "A Declaration of the Sentence and Deposition of Elizabeth the Usurper and pretended Queene of England." R. Parsons is supposed to have been the author of it. On the failure of the expedition the broadside was so studiously suppressed, that its very existence has been questioned. Two copies, however, at least have come down to us—one sold at the sale of Canon Tierney's library in 1862, when it fetched the sum of 31*l.*, the other is in the Bodleian at Oxford. It will be found printed at length in the Canon's edition of Dodd's "Church History," vol. iii. At the time when these libels were being prepared for distribution Elizabeth was in negotiation with the Duke of Parma. The Queen naturally requests her Commissioners to inquire of the Duke concerning these publications. The

\* Calendar of State Papers, 1547-1580, p. 634.

\* History of the United Netherlands, vol. II. p. 379. Ed. 1899.

Duke had the effrontery to declare that he knew nothing either of the Bull or the Admonition. At that very time there was lying in his cabinet a letter, received a fortnight before from the King of Spain, thanking him for having had the Cardinal's letter translated at Antwerp.\*

In 1578 appeared another book which caused a great sensation. This was "A Treatise of Schisme, shewing that all Catholics ought in any wise to abstaine altogether from heretical Conventicles:" printed at Douay, and written by Gregory Martin, afterwards Professor of Divinity at the English College at Rome. It gave great offence to the Queen and her Ministers, and very naturally, for it invites the ladies about the Queen's person to imitate the example of Judith, in ridding the world of "Holofernes." Though printed in 1578, it was not till 1584 that measures were taken concerning it. A copy had been sent by Cardinal Allen to Carter the printer, for a new edition. That very copy, wanting the title-page, is now in the Bodleian. The impression was seized, and Carter himself arraigned at the Old Bailey for printing it, and the next day hanged at Tyburn.

Among the many sects which troubled the Church of England in those days was that of the Brownists, whom Dr. Hook regards as the original Independents. Their founder, Robert Brown, of C.C.C., Cambridge, came back from a journey to Zealand so convinced of the Popish tendencies of the Church of England, as to declare there was nothing of Christ left in her discipline. The books and pamphlets in which his doctrines were set forth were prohibited by a proclamation, issued October 1584; and there is little doubt but that he would have shared the fate of two of his disciples, who were hanged at Bury St. Edmunds for distributing these suppressed publications, had he not been, fortunately for himself, a relation of Lord Burleigh.

Another sect which fell under the Queen's displeasure was the Family of Love. The original founder of this ancient Agapemone was a Dutch Anabaptist, born at Delft, called David George; but the person who gave it its definite form and character was Henry Nicholas, or Nicolai, a native, as some say, of Munster, and others of Amsterdam, who resided for some time in London in the reign of Edward VI. His pretensions were quite as blasphemous as his master's.

He gave out that he could "no more erre or mistake the right than Moyses, the prophets, or Christe and his Apostles, and that his books were of equal authority with Holy Scripture itself. Moses, he said, taught mankind to hope, Christ to believe, but he to love, which last being of more worth than both the former, he was consequently greater than both those prophets." Attention had been called to their teaching in a book by I. Rogers, published in 1572, called "The Displaying of an horrible Secte of grosse and wicked Heretiques, naming themselves the Family of Love;" and again by two authors in 1579, W. Wilkinson and I. Knewstub.

Little notice, however, was taken of them till 1580, although in 1575 they had applied to Parliament for toleration, and accompanied their application with a "confession of faith,"—a curious document, no doubt, which we hope may be discovered by the Historical Commission. What answer was returned to their appeal we cannot tell, but five years afterwards a proclamation was issued against them, which, if the description given of them therein was at all just, was certainly not uncalled for. They are charged with teaching "damnable heresies, directly contrary to divers of the principal articles of our belief and Christian faith," and that "as many as shall be allowed by them to be of that family to be elect and saved, and all others, of what church soever they be, to be rejected and damned." A still more serious charge is "that those Sectaries hold opinion that they may, before any magistrate, ecclesiastical or temporal, or any other person, not being professed to be of their sect, by oath, or otherwise, deny anything for their advantage." Accordingly orders are given to proceed severely against all such persons, and also that "search be made in all places suspected for the books and writings maintaining the said heresies and sects, that they may be destroyed and burnt." Some of these books are specially mentioned, "the author whereof they name H. N., without yielding to him, upon their examination, any other name," "Evangelium Regni or the Joyful Message of the Kingdom," reprinted by sentences in Knewstub's book, which he answers one by one, "Documentall Sentences," "The Prophetie of the Spirit of Love," and "A Publishing of the Peace upon Earth." Rogers mentions eleven works of Nicolas which he had seen besides two others, he had not been able to get a sight of. In 1604 they made an attempt at clearing them-

\* Motley, vol. ii. p. 386.

selves in a petition to James I., in which they ask the King to read their books and judge for himself, and by no means to confound them with the disobedient Puritans, "whose malice has for twenty-five years, and upwards, with many untrue suggestions and most foul errors and odious crimes, sought our overthrow and destruction." As far as public opinion went, the petition met with but poor success. Fuller, in whose time they went by the name of Ranters, is mightily amused at their anxiety to be separated from the Puritans, "though these Familists could not be so desirous to leave them as the others were glad to be left by them." One of the latest accounts of them will be found in the third volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*.

The ecclesiastical government of the Church of England was a subject of long and bitter controversy. In 1571 there was published a tract in duodecimo called "An Admonition to Parliament." It had no title-page and was no doubt printed at a private press. At the end of the second address to the Christian reader are "reasons which have made us the authors of these treatises, to keepe back our names, and also to suppress the name of the printer of them." The authors were most probably the Puritan divines John Field and Thomas Wilcox. The tract was frequently reprinted, and in 1572 Field and Wilcox presented a copy to the House of Commons and were immediately committed to Newgate. The original tract is of great rarity owing to a proclamation issued June 11, 1573, in which the admonition itself and "one other also in defence of the sayde admonition" are commanded to be delivered up "on payne of imprysonment and her highnesse further displeasure."

Of the controversial publications, however, of the time of Elizabeth, none are more famous than the series of tracts known by the name of the Martin Marprelate tracts. They need only to be alluded to very shortly here, as we have a very complete history of them in the work of Mr. Maskell.\* The list given by him comprises, including certain replies, eighteen different publications, all now of great, some of excessive rarity. On February 13, 1589, the Queen issued a proclamation against seditious and schismatical books; and one person, John Penry, was arrested as being concerned in their publi-

cation, under a constrained interpretation of the Act passed a few years before (anno 23 Eliz. c. 2), which made the publication of seditious libels against the Queen's government a capital felony. Nothing, however, could be proved against him, and after a month's detention he was discharged. Who were the real authors will perhaps never be ascertained, though the late Mr. Petheram thought he had a clue to their discovery, which, however, as far as we know, he never made public. Mr. Maskell tells us they have usually been attributed to Penry, Throgmorton, Udal, and Fenner; but he confesses that after all his inquiries the question remains as obscure as before, and thinks that it is very far from clear that either one of these last named was actually concerned in the authorship of any of the pamphlets. Udal before the Star Chamber declared himself fully persuaded that they were not written by any Puritan minister, and "I think," he says, "there is never a minister in this land that doth know who Martin is. And I for my part have been inquisitive, but I never could learn who he is." Udal, indeed, could hardly have had a hand in any of the tracts except the earliest. In 1588 he had published anonymously a book called "A demonstration of the truth of that discipline which Christ has prescribed in his Worde for the government of his Church in all times and places until the world's end." He was cited before the Star Chamber on the charge that "he not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being stirred up by the instigation and motion of the devil, did maliciously publish a slanderous and infamous libel against the Queen's majesty, her crown and dignity." The evidence of his authorship was not very strong, but his judges attempted in every possible way to make him criminate himself. Time after time he was asked, "Did you make the book, Udal, yea or no?" Imperfect, however, as was the evidence he was condemned to be hanged, and probably would have been but for the intercession that King James of Scotland made for him with the Queen. Meantime through the earnest solicitations of his friends, he was induced to express his sorrow that he had given her Majesty such deep and just occasion for displeasure. His pardon was to have been granted, and he himself had arranged with some Turkey merchants to go to Guinea. But for some reason or other the ships had to go without him and he ended his days in the White Lion Prison in 1592.

\* A History of the Martin Marprelate Controversy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. London: 1846.



It was in the time of the Stuarts that the "Doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings" attained its most extravagant development. In 1607 a book was published at Cambridge which roused in some quarters very intense indignation. This was Dr. Cowel's "Law Dictionary, or the interpreter of words and terms used either in Common or Statute Law of this realm," written, it was believed, at the request of Archbishop Bancroft. In this work it is declared that the King is not bound by the laws of the realm; he could pass what decrees he liked without consulting Parliament; if he asked their consent in matters of finance, it was as a favour not as a right. "Though at his coronation he took an oath not to alter the laws of the land, yet, this oath notwithstanding, he may alter or suspend any particular law that seemeth hurtful to the public estate." No wonder it found favour in the eyes of James, but it roused the jealousy of Parliament and it was censured in both Houses. The King, seeing how intense the feeling was, did not dare to interfere. The author was imprisoned though only for a short time, and the King had to issue a proclamation for the suppression of the book, which was committed to the flames, "for which the Commons returned thanks with great joy at their victory." In the proclamation the King complains that "from the very highest mysteries of the Godhead and the most inscrutable counsels in the Trinitie to the very lowest pit of Hell and the confused actions of the divells there, there is nothing now unsearched into by the curiositie of men's braines;" and that as "these men sit with God in His most privie closet," so "it is no wonder that they doe not spare to wade in all the deepest mysteries that belong to the persons or the state of Kinges and Princes, that are gods upon earth." The proclamation ends with a clause of considerable importance: "For better oversight of books of all sortes before they come to the presse, we have resolved to make choice of commissioners that shall looke more narrowly into the nature of all those things that shall be put to the presse, either concerning our authoritie royall or concerning our government, or the lawes of our Kingdom."

Whatever hopes the Puritans may have been induced to indulge in of advantage to themselves from the Hampton Court Conference must have been unpleasantly dissipated when that mock conference actually commenced. The King had been "brought up among Puritans, not the

learnedest men in the world, and schooled by them;"\* but his want of sympathy with their doctrines was unmistakeably shown in the rude and unfair manner in which he treated their arguments. James's theology, however, was, after all, except on the point of Conformity, of a very uncertain description, and it veered capriciously between "High and Low" Church opinions. In 1617, Mr. Symson, Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, was obliged to recant certain statements he had made in a sermon preached before the King, which advocated Arminian views; and that very same year, Dr. Mocket's treatise, "*Doctrina et politia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*," fell under censure, because it favoured the Calvinists. Dr. Mocket's intention was to give foreign churches a fair notion of the doctrines of the English Church; and for that purpose he had translated the Prayer Book into Latin, adding Jewel's Apology and Nowell's Catechism. But in his translation of the Articles he had omitted the latter part, which sets forth the power of the Church in rites and ceremonies and in controversies of faith. Besides this, instead of printing the Homilies at length, he had given an abbreviation of them, not fairly representing the opinions of this Church; and, moreover, in a treatise of his own, he had not given the See of Winchester precedence over all others, next to London, but only over those whose bishops were not privy councillors. Dr. Montagu, Bishop of Winchester, was at that time on bad terms with Archbishop Abbot, whose chaplain Dr. Mocket was; the King was appealed to; and the result was a public edict by which the book was ordered to be burnt. "Truly," says Mr. Perry, "in those days the gift of composition was a dangerous one; even to write without intent to preach (as Mr. Peacham did), might forfeit a man's life; to preach Arminianism was a crime in one place, to advocate Calvinism a heresy in another."† The part James took with respect to the Synod of Dort, which was held in 1618, shows us the King in a Calvinistic mood; but the decided line Archbishop Abbot took with regard to the support of the King's son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, in his claim to the crown of Bohemia, threw the King's influence in the opposite direction. This was strongly shown in 1624, in the case of the future Bishop of Winchester, then Rector of Stamford Rivers.

\* Barlow's "Sum and Substance of the Conference at Hampton Court," in Cardwell's *Conferences*, p. 177.

† *History*, vol. i. p. 265.



Finding that certain Jesuits had been very busy in his parish, "he left in one of the houses certain propositions written down, together with an offer that, if they would convince him in any one of them, he would become a convert." They replied by sending him a pamphlet, entitled "A Gag for the new Gospel." Montagu, however, showed himself more than a match for them in his answer, which he called "A Gag for the new Gospel? No, A Gag for an old Goose, who would needs undertake to stop all Protestant mouths for ever with 276 places out of their owne English Bibles." In it Montagu proved that several Calvinistic doctrines with which the Church of England was charged were no part of her teaching. Two lecturers at Ipswich, Yates and Ward, set to work to examine the book, and made out a list of statements which they said favoured Popery and Arminianism, and laid them before Parliament. Montagu, knowing how little he had to expect from their tender mercies, applied to the King, who promised to protect him. Meanwhile he was urged to write another book defending his opinions, which he accordingly did in his "*Appello Cæsarem*: a just appeale from two unjust informers." Before the edition could be printed off the King died. On Charles's accession, the House of Commons proceeded to take steps against the Doctor for his new publication. He was summoned to the bar of the House, committed to the custody of the Serjeant, and afterwards admitted to bail in the amount of 2,000*l*. Though the King now interfered, the matter was not allowed to drop, and it was only through the hasty dissolution of the Oxford Parliament that he was unmolested. But in the next session the book was referred to by, what appears for the first time in the proceedings of the House of Commons, the Committee of Religion. The issue was that the House prayed the King, "that the said Richard Montagu may be punished according to his demerits, in such exemplary manner as may deter others from attempting so presumptuously to disturb the peace of the Church and State, and that the books aforesaid may be suppressed and burnt." It was not, however, till January 14, 1628, that the proclamation for its suppression was issued; what it really amounted to may be gathered from the fact that on August 24 of that year Montagu was consecrated Bishop of Winchester.

In the previous year, Dr. Mainwaring, one of the King's chaplains, had got into trouble for some sermons he had preached

before the King, the sermons being afterwards printed by the King's permission. In these the opinions of Dr. Cowel, alluded to, were very strongly reproduced. After a censure by the House of Commons, the author was impeached before the House of Lords, who gave judgment: 1. That Dr. Mainwaring shall be imprisoned during the pleasure of the House; 2. That he be fined 1,000*l*. to the King; 3. That he shall make such submission and acknowledgment of his offences as shall be set down by a committee in writing both at the bar and in the House of Commons; 4. That he shall be suspended three years from the exercise of his ministry; 5. That he shall hereafter be disabled from any ecclesiastical dignity; 6. That he shall be for ever disabled to preach at the Court hereafter; and 7. That his Majesty be moved to grant a proclamation for the calling in of his books, that they may be burnt in London and both Universities. The King accordingly issues a proclamation, in which he declares that the Doctor had "drawn upon himself the just censure and sentence of the high Court of Parliament." Mainwaring himself made a most abject apology to the House, and after the session was over, the fine was remitted, the Doctor himself released from prison, two livings given him, and in 1636 he became Bishop of St. David's.

"The disputes which agitated the Church in the times of Elizabeth were at first, in many instances, unpardonably foolish and trifling. Taking as indulgent a view as we can of the Puritans of her time it cannot be denied that they are eminently provoking. That sober and pious men should think themselves justified in convulsing, worrying, and distracting the young Church struggling towards maturity and strength amidst the greatest obstacles, on the miserable question of church vestments, or the insignificant matter of the use of the cross in baptism, seems to show a sufficiently bitter and litigious spirit, and with this, in fact, the Puritan clergy are justly chargeable. They fought factiously and they fought unfairly. They were most loud and troublesome when there was the greatest danger from the Papist and the Spaniard, and they suddenly assumed a quieter tone when the power of the foreign foe was broken."\*

One of their great objects was the overthrow of the Bishops, but even here, the ground they occupied at the beginning was shifted entirely as the dispute went on. "They first desired only to shake

\* Perry, vol. I. pp. 16, 17.

down the leaves of Episcopacy," says Fuller, "misliking only some garments about them; then they came to strike at the branches, and last of all they did lay their axe unto the root of the tree." By the time of Charles I. opinions had grown still further embittered, and it is in that reign that we find the severest examples of punishment incurred for any publications that reflected upon the third order of the ministry. In 1628 there appeared a very scurrilous work by a Scotch doctor of physic and divinity, Alexander Leighton, father of the Archbishop, entitled "An Appeal to the Parliament; or Sion's Plea against the Prelacie. Printed the year and month in which Rochell was lost." He calls bishops men of blood, ravens, and magpies; he declares the institution of Episcopacy to be anti-christian and satanical; the Queen is a daughter of Heth, and the King is corrupted by bishops to the undoing of himself and people; and he approves of the murder of Buckingham. Language such as this could hardly have been passed over unnoticed. But it was not till June 4, 1630, that the author was brought before the Star Chamber. There was no difficulty in pronouncing him guilty of seditious and scandalous writings; and he was sentenced to a terrible and barbarous punishment. Besides a fine of 10,000*l.* and degradation from the ministry, he was publicly whipped in Palace Yard, made to stand two hours in the pillory; one ear was cut off, a nostril slit open, and one of his cheeks branded with the letters S. S. (Sower of Sedition). After this he was sent off to the Fleet Prison. At the end of a week, "being not yet cured," he was brought out again, underwent a second whipping, and a repetition of the former atrocities, and was then consigned to prison for life, where he actually spent eleven years. In April 1641 his sentence was reversed by the House of Commons, and he received such consolation as it could afford him, when it was decided that his former mutilation and imprisonment had been entirely illegal.

There are few men whom a *cacoethes scribendi* ever brought into such trouble as William Prynne, "utter barrister of Lincoln's Inn." Of his publications, nearly 200 in number, the first appeared in 1627, entitled "The perpetuity of a regenerate man's estate, against the Saint's total and final Apostasy." In the following year, besides other works, he published "A brief survey and censure of Mr. Cozens, his couzening devotions."

The burning of these two books by command of the High Commission Court is one of the charges Michael Sparkes brings against Archbishop Laud on his trial. "But," writes the Archbishop in the "History of his Troubles," "he does not say absolutely burnt, but 'as he is informed,' and he may be informed amiss." There is no doubt, however, about the treatment of another of his publications, which appeared in the early part of 1633. This was "The Histriomastix, the player's scourge or actor's tragedies," a book which, as we shall see presently, appears to have had the distinction of being the first publication burnt in England by the hands of the common hangman. Prynne showed no little courage in publishing this book at a time when the Court was not only very much addicted to dramatic representations, but had such easy means at hand for suppressing seditious and treasonable publications. Much, however, might have been overlooked in Prynne's book had he not spoken in such unmeasured terms of "women actors." This was interpreted into a special attack upon the Queen, who had herself taken part in the performance of a pastoral at Somerset House. True, the book had been published at least six weeks before, but there was rank treason in it for all that, and Prynne accordingly was cited before the Star Chamber in February 1633, together with Michael Sparkes the printer, and W. Buckner, the licenser of the obnoxious book. It was no use for Prynne to say through his counsel, Hern — afterwards employed in the defence of Laud — that he was heartily sorry for the strong language he had employed; the judges vied with each other in condemning him to the most extreme penalties they could inflict. The Earl of Dorset was the most vehement, but it will be enough to quote the judgment of Lord Cottington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"I do in the first place begin censure with his book. I condemn it to be burnt in the most public manner that can be. The manner in other countries is (where such books are), to be burnt by the hangman, though not used in England (yet I wish it may in respect of the strangeness and heinousness of the matter contained in it) to have a strange manner of burning, and therefore I shall desire it may be so burnt by the hand of the hangman."

"If it may agree with the Court, I do adjudge Mr. Prynne to be put from the bar, and to be for ever incapable of his profession. I do

adjudge him, my Lords, that the Society of Lincoln's Inn do put him out of the Society; and because he had his offspring from Oxford (now with a low voice said the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'I am sorry that ever Oxford bred such an evil member!'), there to be degraded. And I do condemn Mr. Prynne to stand in the pillory in two places, in Westminster and Cheapside, and that he shall lose both his ears, one in each place, and with a paper on his head declaring how foul an offence it is, viz., that it is for an infamous libel against both their Majesties' State and Government. And lastly (nay, not lastly,) I do condemn him in 5,000*l.* fine to the King. And lastly, perpetual imprisonment."

Buckner, who had been domestic chaplain to Abbot the Puritanical Archbishop of Canterbury, was to be fined 50*l.*; Sparkes 500*l.*, and to stand at the pillory, "without touching of his ears," in St. Paul's Churchyard. "It is a consecrated place," saith the Archbishop of Canterbury. "I cry your Grace's mercy," said my Lord, "then let it be in Cheapside."

Prynne's sufferings by no means ended here. On the 14th of June, 1637, we find him a second time before the Star Chamber, this time in company with Dr. J. Bastwick and H. Burton, "for writing and publishing seditious, schismatical, and libellous books against the hierarchy of the Church." Bastwick, though he called himself M.D. apparently without any claim to the title, seems to have had few if any patients, and tried literature. He had his book printed in Leyden in 1624, and its title was "Elenchus religionis Papisticæ, in quo probatur neque Apostolicam, neque Catholicam, neque Romanam esse." It was written in answer to a book by Richard Short, which defended the Papal supremacy, the doctrine of the mass, and the Romish religion in general. In the year 1635, at the request of a friend, he published an epitome of this book, called "Flagellum Pontificis et Episcoporum Latialium." "Though professing to be directed against the Church of Rome, 'tis more than manifest," Laud says, "that it was purposely written and divulged against the Bishops and Church of England." For this he was cited before the High Commission Court, when thirty-seven articles were charged against him. He was acquitted of all the charges except one, and that was his maintaining bishops and priests to be the same order of ministers, or, as he expressed it himself, "Impingitur horrendum crimen quod infulus et apicibus jus divinum negaverim, quod Episcopi et Presbyteri paritatem asser-

uerim." For this he was condemned to pay a fine of 1,000*l.*, to be excommunicated, to be debarred from the practices of his profession, his book to be burnt, and he himself to pay the costs and remain in prison till he recanted; and that is," he says, "till domesday in the afternoone."

Whilst in the Gate House he published, in 1636, another book called "Πράξεις τῶν ἐπισκόπων : sive Apologeticus ad præsules Anglicanos criminum Ecclesiasticorum in Curia Celsæ Commissionis," written, he tells us in the Petition he afterwards presented to the House of Commons, in answer to a book by Thomas Chowney, a Sussex gentleman, who maintained that the Church of Rome was a true church, and had not erred in fundamentals. The year following appeared a far more infamous book entitled "The Letany of John Bastwick, being now full of devotion as well as in respect of the common calamities of plague and pestilence, as also of his own particular miserie: lying at this instant in Limbo patrum. Printed by the special procurement and for the especial use of our English prelates in the yeare of Remembrance Anno 1637." At first it was only shown to a few friends in manuscript, but afterwards it came to be printed in this way. John Lilburne, afterwards a lieutenant-colonel in the Parliamentary army, and who behaved with such gallantry at Marston Moor, got introduced to Dr. Bastwick in 1637, and was so much pleased at hearing the Letany, that having a little ready money at command, he undertook to get it printed in Holland. Bastwick was at first averse to this, as he distrusted a friend of Lilburne's, who would have to assist in disposing of the impression. His scruples, however, were overcome, and the Letany, together with another libellous publication, entitled "Answers to the Information of Sir John Banks, Kt., Attorney Universall," committed to the press. The first edition realized a handsome profit; but now Laud got scent of the publication, laid hold upon the disperser, and made him confess who the main culprit in the business was. Accordingly when Lilburne landed with another impression, he was seized along with his cargo, and the books burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

H. Burton, B.D., was the incumbent of St. Matthew's, Friday Street, the church in which Pepys tells us of a disturbance in his time; "a great many young people knotting together and crying Porridge, often and seditiously in the church; and they took the Common Prayer Book, they

say, away, and some say did tear it." Burton had been clerk of the closet to Prince Henry, and afterwards to Prince Charles; a position in which he was not continued when Charles became King. In this bitter disappointment we find an obvious explanation of his appearing in the company of such men as Bastwick and Prynne. The book which brought him into trouble was "An apology for an appeal to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, with 2 Sermons for God and the King, preached on the 5th of November last [1636]." Another of the libels complained of was mainly, if not altogether, from his hand. This was "The Divine Tragedy recording God's fearful judgments against Sabbath breakers;" a book directed against Noye, the Attorney-General, who, it was made out, was visited with a judgment from heaven whilst laughing at Prynne as he stood in the pillory. These two books of Burton's, two of Bastwick's, the "Apologeticus," and the "Letany," and a fifth called "News from Ipswich," were the libels which were proceeded against. Laud, however, tells us that the book for which they were sentenced was one written by Burton, and printed and sent by himself to the Lords sitting in Council, entitled "A letter to the true-hearted nobility." Prynne, so far as the evidence went, had not been guilty of any fresh offence; for the Court was not aware that he was really the author of the "News from Ipswich," which had been published under the name of W. White. But there is little doubt that he was really answerable for the contents of the libels, and that Laud's account is substantially correct, when he says that Prynne "makes Burton and Bastwick utter law, which God knows they understand not; for I doubt his pen is in all their pamphlets." Of course the three men were found guilty. Lord Cottington's sentence was that they should lose their ears in the Palace Yard at Westminster, be fined 5,000*l.*, and imprisoned for life in three remote places of the kingdom. Lord Finch suggested, in addition to this, that Prynne should be branded on the cheek with two letters (S.L.), for seditious libeller. "To which all the Lords agreed, and so the Lord Keeper concluded the censure."

The Puritans by no means neglected the cheap and easy way of answering an adversary by burning his books. It was, perhaps, of very little consequence that such effusions as Coppe's "Fiery Flying Roll," or Lawrence Clarkson's "Single Eye," or "The accuser shamed, or a pair

of bellows to blow off that dust cast upon John Fry, a member of Parliament, by Col. John Downs, likewise a member of Parliament," or Lilburne's "Just reproof of Haberdasher's Hall," were consigned to the tender mercies of the common hangman. But we suspect there were few books they so congratulated themselves on committing to the flames as the King's "Book of Sports." This ill-judged publication was issued by King James in 1618, on the advice of Morton, Bishop of Chester, and was intended in the first instance for the good people of Lancashire, among whom the King had lately been on progress, and who had shocked him by their Puritanical observance of Sundays. Accordingly he recommends them after divine service to devote themselves to dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May-games, Whitsun-ales, Morris-dances, and such like. The baiting of animals, interludes, and especially that which was "prohibited at all times to the meaner sort of people—bowling," were forbidden. Some improvement was afterwards introduced by the restrictions that "people should have no liberty for recreation till after evening prayer; and the non-recusant, who came not to morning and evening prayers, should be incapable of such His Royall indulgence at all." Though specially addressed to Lancashire, the book was directed to be read in all churches throughout England. We can easily imagine what consternation this caused to a considerable number of James's subjects, and how Archbishop Abbot, who was staying at Croydon, felt it his duty to forbid its being read in that church. One book at least was published in answer to the Declaration by John Trask, in which Sabbatarian views of the most extreme kind were advocated. For this publication the author was set in the pillory at Westminster, and whipt to the Fleet, and then imprisoned.

The excitement was renewed in 1633, when Charles re-issued the Declaration:—

"That it was impolitic and dangerous to publish the 'Book of Sports' is doubtless true, but that, under the circumstances of the case, it was almost necessary for the King and his advisers to do this, or abandon their own opinions, is perhaps also capable of proof. It must be remembered that the King and the High Church party were not the movers in the matter. The judges had taken it upon themselves to forbid the celebration of the village feasts or wakes on the Sunday, and had ordered most unwarrantably, the clergy to publish their decrees in the time of service. This was as di-

rect and distinct an invasion of ecclesiastical jurisdiction as could well be devised, and it excited, as might be expected, the wrath of the Archbishop. But the Chief Justice (Richardson) seemed determined to set him and the King at defiance, and repeated, on his next circuit, his former order. An inquiry was then made through the Bishop of Bath and Wells, as to how the dedication feasts were observed in the villages, and seventy-two grave divines reported that they were observed religiously and orderly. Upon this the Chief Justice was called before the Council and received 'such a rattle' for his former contempt that he came out complaining 'that he had almost been choked by a pair of lawn sleeves.' \* \*

In 1644, however, when Puritan influence had become supreme in Parliament, a resolution was passed by both Houses that the obnoxious book should be burnt by the Justices of the Peace, in Cheapside, and at the Exchange. The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex had instructions to assist effectually in carrying out the order of the 10th of May; all persons were required to deliver up their copies to the proper authorities. On that day accordingly all that could be laid hold of were destroyed.

After the Restoration, the custom of book-burning soon came into use. On the 16th of June, 1660, the House of Commons passed a resolution that his Majesty be humbly moved to call in three books written in justification of the murder of the late King, and order them to be burnt by the common hangman. Two of these were by Milton: the "*Εκονοκλιστης*, in answer to *Εικών βασιλική*," published in 1649, and "Defensio pro populo Anglicano contra Claudii Salmasii Defensionem regiam" in 1650. The third work was by John Goodwin, and was entitled "*Ψευδοδικία*, the Obstructors of Justice, or a Defence of the honourable Sentence passed upon the late King by the High Court of Justice, 1649." In accordance with this resolution, the King issued a proclamation on August 13, ordering the suppression of these books, and stating that Milton had fled from justice. By the next assize day, August 27th, a considerable number of copies of the prohibited works had been brought to the sheriffs of the different counties, and on that day they were burnt. The authorities were satisfied with this expression of feeling, and three days afterwards an act of indemnity was passed, which included Milton.

It was very seldom that the Pastoral

Letter of an English Bishop fell into the hands of the hangman, yet such was the fate in 1693 of one of Bishop Burnet's, printed in 1689. The account of it is given by Burnet himself in the rough draught of the "History of his Time," now in the British Museum (Harl. MSS. 6584). He omitted it for some reason or other in his printed edition.

"In the last Session of Parliament some began to find fault with a notice by which some divines had urged obedience to the present Government, that here was a conquest over King James, and that conquest in a just way gave a good title. This some had carried so far as to say, in all wars, just or unjust, conquests were to be considered as God's transferring the dominion from the conquered to the conqueror; yet all these writers had taken care to distinguish between a conquest of a nation and a conquest of King James: the latter being only that which was pretended, that, as they said, gave the King all King James's right. This doctrine was condemned by a vote of both Houses, and a book that had set it forth with great modesty and judgment was in great heat condemned to be burnt; and because in a treatise that I had writ, immediately after I was a bishop, to persuade my clergy to take the oaths, I had only mentioned this as a received opinion among lawyers, and had put it in among other topics, but had put the strength of all upon the lawfulness and justice of the present establishment, they fell upon that little book, and ordered it likewise to be burnt. So it looked somewhat extraordinary that I, who perhaps was the greatest asserter of public liberty, from my first setting out, of any writer in the age, should be so severely treated as an enemy to it. But the truth was, the Tories never liked me, and the Whigs hated me, because I went not into their notions and passions; but even this and worse things that may happen to me shall not, I hope, be able to make me depart from moderate principles and the just asserting of the liberty of mankind."

The book the Bishop alludes to is an anonymous publication, entitled "King William and Queen Mary Conquerors." The author was Charles Blount, a person of some talent, but an infidel; one of his works had been seriously curtailed by Sir Roger L'Estrange, the first "Licensor of the Press," and finally suppressed by order of the Bishop of London. In consequence of this treatment, and the prospect of a repetition of it if he ventured on any new work, he issued from some unlicensed press a pamphlet called "A Just Vindication of Learning and of the Liberty of the Press: by Philopatris." It is a curious proof of the little acquaintance which readers in those days had with

\* Perry, vol. i. pp. 464-466.



the prose works of Milton, that though Blount's pamphlet consisted of little else but garbled extracts from the "Areopagitica," the gross plagiarism was never discovered. Blount, encouraged by this, compounded on similar principles another pamphlet, "Reasons for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." At the end of it he added "A Just and True Character of Edmund Bohun," who had succeeded "Catalogue" Fraser, the State Licensor appointed at the Revolution, and this work he contrived should be widely but privately circulated. Meanwhile he laid a very clever trap for Bohun, who, though a very strong Tory, had taken the oaths to the Prince of Orange, and justified his so doing by arguments which mightily offended Whigs and Tories alike. In his new work Blount enunciated opinions exactly the contrary to those he really held, of course for the sake of deceiving Bohun. "The trap was laid and baited with much skill. The republican succeeded in personating a high Tory. The atheist succeeded in personating a high Churchman." \* Bohun gladly gave permission for its publication, but he soon found cause to repent of so doing. The House of Commons sat in judgment upon it; condemned it to the care of the hangman, and petitioned the King that Bohun should be removed from his office. Their sentence was carried out. Some expressions in Bishop Burnet's Pastoral were thought too much akin to the spirit of this work to be allowed to pass unnoticed any longer. Some wag in the House during the debate called out "Burn it, burn it," and burnt it was accordingly, but only by a majority of 7 votes in a House of 317 members.

In 1705 a pamphlet appeared which caused great excitement. It was called "The Memorial of the Church of England, humbly offered to the consideration of all true Lovers of our Church and Communion," the name of the author being withheld. The occasion of its being written was that a bill against "occasional conformity" had three times failed in passing the House of Lords. The pamphlet was alluded to by the Queen in her speech to Parliament; both Houses addressed her Majesty, requesting her to punish the author of so groundless and malicious an assertion as that the Church was in danger under her administration. The grand jury of Middlesex condemned it to be burnt before the Court, and again before the Royal Exchange and the Palace Yard,

Westminster, and a reward of 1,000*l.* was offered for the discovery of the author. The Duke of Buckingham was at one time thought to be responsible for it. All, however, that could be extracted from the printer, David Edwards, was that two women, one of them wearing a mask, brought the manuscript to him with directions for the printing of 350 copies, and that these were delivered to four persons sent to his office to receive them. The author was a physician of some eminence and a F. R. S., J. Drake, though Mr. Pooley, the Member for Ipswich, seems to have supplied him with the legal information contained in it. So determined were the Government to suppress it that a book-seller having printed it with an answer, paragraph by paragraph, all the copies were seized immediately and destroyed. The libel was reprinted in Dublin, and very impudently dedicated to the Lord Lieutenant. This edition also was destroyed by authority.

Four years afterwards another person of great notoriety appeared upon the world's stage — Dr. Sacheverell. At the age of fifteen he had gained a demyship at Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards became Fellow and Tutor of the same college. Whilst residing there he became acquainted with Addison, who had migrated to Magdalen from Queen's. So much attached were they to each other, that Addison dedicated his "Account of the Greatest English Poets," written at the time when he purposed entering holy orders, to his "dearest friend and colleague," H. Sacheverell. In 1705 he was appointed preacher at St. Saviour's, Southwark, and it was whilst holding this appointment that he delivered the two sermons which brought him into such notoriety. Party-feeling in those days ran high both in religion and politics, and Sacheverell was an outspoken High Church Tory of the most extreme kind. On the 14th of August, 1709, he preached his sermon at Derby; and on the 9th of November what Lord Campbell calls his "contemptible sermon," "Perils among False Brethren," at St. Paul's.

These sermons, however, brought him under the notice of Government. Notwithstanding Lord Somers's better advice, it was determined by the Cabinet, the Prime Minister, Lord Godolphin, whom Sacheverell had attacked under the name of Volpone, being especially urgent in the matter, to proceed by way of impeachment. The Member for Liskeard, Mr. Dolben, was intrusted with bringing the matter before the House of Commons, which voted that the sermons were "ma-

\* Macaulay's History of England, vol. iv. p. 366.



licious, scandalous, and seditious libels, highly reflecting on the Queen and her government, the late happy revolution, and the "Protestant succession." On the 27th of February, 1710, he was brought to trial in Westminster Hall. The opening of the trial was quite a spectacle. The Queen occupied a private box. The House of Lords was seated in the centre of the Hall. The House of Commons were on one side and a galaxy of ladies on the other. The evidence was summed up by Mr. Lechmore, "a man of parts, but a most vile stinking Whigg," as Hearne calls him; Sacheverell's defence being, it is thought, the composition of Bishop Atterbury, to whom the Doctor afterwards bequeathed 500*l.*, though John Wesley also claims the credit of it for his father. Sentence was given on March 24, when, out of 121 members, he was condemned by a majority of 17,—7 bishops voting against, and 6 for him. It was only by a majority of 6 that he was suspended for three years, whilst the motion that he should be incapable of further preferment was lost by a majority of 1. The leniency of the sentence was regarded by his friends as a great triumph. The sermons themselves were condemned to the flames, and with them a decree of the University of Oxford, passed July 1683, maintaining the absolute authority of princes, and which Sacheverell had used in his defence. Lord Campbell considers the prosecution as the most suicidal thing the Government could have done. But Burke, in his "Appeal from Old to New Whigs," takes a very different view:—

"It was carried on for the purpose of condemning the principles on which the Revolution was first opposed and afterwards calumniated, in order by a juridical sentence of the highest authority, to confirm and fix Whig principles as they had operated both in the resistance to King James and in the subsequent Settlement, and to fix them in the extent and with the limitations with which it was meant they should be understood by posterity."

One of Sacheverell's opponents, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," had got himself into trouble a few years before the impeachment of the High Church Doctor. In 1702 he published "The shortest way with the Dissenters; or, proposals for the establishment of the Church." Though in reality a satire of exquisite irony from beginning to end, its true nature was so cunningly concealed as at first to deceive both high and low churchmen alike. When, however, its real object was dis-

covered, the indignation against the author was intense. De Foo was prosecuted for libel, and condemned to pay a fine of 200 marks to the Queen (his expenses altogether amounted to more than 3,500*l.* and brought him to ruin), to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and to find securities for his good behaviour for seven years. Besides this, the book was, by an ordinance of Parliament of February 25, 1703, ordered to be burnt by the hands of the hangman in New Palace Yard, as "full of false and scandalous reflections on the Parliament, and tending to promote sedition."

Along with De Foo's, another name has been immortalized in the "Dunciad":—

"Earless on high stood unabash'd Defoe,  
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below."

Tutchin, in the times of James II., had endeavoured to help on the rebellion of Monmouth by a pamphlet for which he was sentenced by Judge Jeffries of famous memory to be whipped through certain market towns in the West of England. The executor used such energy in his work that Tutchin, after the first instalment of his punishment, petitioned the King that he might be hanged. This favour was not granted, and "in revenge he lived to write a most virulent attack upon the memory of that unfortunate monarch."

The year 1762 is famous for the appearance of the first number of a publication which was soon to acquire great notoriety, "The North Briton." It was started by John Wilkes, assisted by Mr. Charles Churchill, one contributing most of the talent, the other the abuse. Virulent, however, as were its principles, and gross its attacks on Lord Bute, it continued its career undisturbed till its forty-fifth number. By that time the seven years' war, which added 60,000,000*l.* to our National Debt, had come to an end, and a treaty of peace signed at Paris, February 10, 1763. On the dissolution of Parliament on the 19th of April, the King, alluding to this treaty, said in his speech, "My expectations have been fully answered by the happy effects which the several allies of my crown have derived from this salutary measure. The powers at war with my good brother, the King of Prussia, have been induced to agree to such terms of accommodation as that great prince has approved; and the success which has attended my negotiations

has necessarily and immediately diffused the blessings of peace through every part of Europe." On the 23rd appears Wilkes's comment on it. "The infamous fallacy of the whole sentence is apparent to all mankind, for it is known that the King of Prussia did not only approve, but actually dictated as conqueror, every article of the terms of peace. No advantage of any kind has accrued to the magnanimous prince from our negotiations, but he was basely deserted by the Scottish Prime Minister of England." Wilkes was arrested, but released on his privilege of Member of Parliament, and went to France. The House of Commons expelled him and ordered the obnoxious publication to be burnt by the hangman at the Royal Exchange. This was carried into effect on December 3rd, but the mob was so incensed at the indignity shown to their champion that they drove the authorities from the field. "Several other persons," says Malcolm,\* "had reason to repent the attempt to burn that publicly which the sovereign people determined to approve, who afterwards exhibited a large *jackboot* at Temple Bar, and burnt it in triumph unmolested, as a species of retaliation."

What happened after this may be given in the words of Lord Mahon:—

"It was also observed and condemned as a shallow artifice, that the House of Lords, to counterbalance their condemnation of Wilkes's violent democracy, took similar measures against a book of exactly opposite principles. This was a treatise or collection of precedents lately published under the title of '*Droit le Roy* [or a digest of the rights and prerogatives of the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, by a member of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. Jan. 1764.]" The Peers, on the motion of Lord Lyttelton, seconded by the Duke of Grafton, voted this book 'a false, malicious, and traitorous libel, inconsistent with the principles of the Revolution to which we owe the present happy establishment; they ordered that it should be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, and that the author should be taken into custody. The latter part of the sentence, however, no one took pains to execute. The author was one Timothy Brecknock, a hack scribbler, who twenty years afterwards was hanged for being accessory to an atrocious murder in Ireland."†

This work is sometimes quoted as the last instance of a book having been "burnt," but apparently not quite accurately. One other instance, of somewhat later date, may be given—"The Commer-

cial Restraints of Ireland Considered," printed at Dublin 1779. The author of this anonymous publication was the Hon. Hely Hutchinson. It was consigned to the hangman, and is now so scarce that the late Mr. Flood, in a speech made in the House of Commons, said he would give 1,000*l.* for a copy.

In several cases the Vice-Chancellors of the two universities were required to burn books that had been condemned by authority, but one or two instances may be given in which obnoxious books were committed to the flames by the University of Oxford, without any such monition. The indignation caused by the discovery of the Rye House Plot, and the triumph for the time of the Tory party, led to many works being very summarily dealt with which denied in any way the divine right of kings. On the day on which Russell was beheaded for his supposed complicity in the plot, the University ordered the works of Buchanan, Milton, and Baxter to be burnt in the School Quadrangle.

In 1690 Arthur Bury, Rector of Exeter College, published a book called "An historical Evidence of the naked Gospel," in which he advocated what were considered Socinian views. The heads of houses held a meeting, and six of them were nominated a committee for examining the book. They had no difficulty in picking out passages which were pronounced to be contrary to the doctrines of the Church of England. On the 19th of August the book was burnt in the School Quadrangle. Trelawney, Bishop of Exeter, visitor of the College, suspended the author from the rectorship, but he was soon afterwards restored.

In 1693 the second volume of that most valuable work Anthony a Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses" was burnt in the Theatre Yard by the apparitor of the University, in pursuance of a sentence of the University Court. The charge against the biographer was that he had been guilty of a libel against the memory of the Earl of Clarendon.

Hearne's Diary, under the date October 3, 1713, will supply us with another instance:—

"There having been no *Terræ filius* speech, this last act, quite contrary to what the Statutes direct (occasioned by the contrivance of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors), there hath been one since printed, in which the Vice-Chancellor and some other heads of Houses, are severely reflected on, nay ten times more severely than ever happened at the theatre or elsewhere when

\* Anecdotes of London, 1808, p. 282.

† History of England vol. v. p. 175.

the Terræ Filius was allowed to speak; which hath so nettled the Vice-Chancellor and others, that on Thursday, in the afternoon, both he and other heads of Houses met in the Apodyterium, and resolved that it should be burnt. And accordingly, yesterday, at two o'clock in the afternoon, there was a convocation in which the Vice-Chancellor was continued for another year, and the speech was proposed to be burnt. And accordingly the said speech was burnt, which act, however, is only generally laughed at, it be-

ing a certain sure way to publish it and make it more known."

Here we pause; not because we have exhausted the subject, for the materials we have left unused are very extensive, but because we hope we have said enough to induce some one, with sufficient leisure and access to libraries, to give us what we say again is a great desideratum in English bibliography — an English Peignot.

THE *Révue Universelle* says that the German Confederation, in acquiring an extended frontier from France, has traced it, not upon a topographical plan, but, in all probability, on a geological map edited at Berlin. In fact, it is to be observed that the new boundaries between France and Germany absorb, for the benefit of the Confederation, all the rich deposits of the mines of oolitic iron in the basins of the Moselle and the Meurthe, with the exception of the Longwy group. Save this, which has been reserved, Germany has made herself mistress of the major portion of the best part of the most important mineral beds in France. These beds extend under the vast plateau which forms the east of the departments of Moselle and Meurthe, and crop out in the valleys from Longwy, in the north, as far as Pont-Saint-Vincent (Meurthe), in the south, and comprise a full quarter of the mineral riches of France. The new determination of frontier will have the effect of introducing into the productive industry of Germany, according to the statistics of 1867, "twenty-three blast furnaces, producing 205,000 tons of metal; 9,000 hectares of iron country, yielding 500,000 tons of ore; fourteen works manufacturing 127,000 tons of iron; and 22,000 hectares of coalfield concessions, yielding 180,000 tons of coal."

THE proposed examination of the bed of the Tiber will doubtless bring to light many objects of interest, but we hardly dare to hope that the results of the search will equal the scholarly anticipations of the *Daily Telegraph*. Whatever may be thought of the probabilities of bringing

to light "the receipt-book of *Æsculapius*, or the missing scrolls of *Livy*," those curiosities, if found, would have little value compared with "the sword which *Camillus* flung into the scales to make up the price of *Rome*." Such a relic would have a peculiar interest for *Brennus*, King of the Gauls, who has hitherto been supposed to be the hero of this incident. We agree with the *Telegraph* that "some of *Hannibal's* African javelins may be there deep adown," and underneath them "spear blades of the *Fabii*;" but we must withhold our opinion as to the chances of finding "the pot in which *Tiberius* cooked his great turbot," and content ourselves with a hope that this vessel, if brought to light, will be distinguishable from the pot in which *Domitian* cooked his great turbot — the only one with which we can claim to have any acquaintance. The art treasures which may be reclaimed from the bed of the river will doubtless be valuable, but whether they will contain, as the *Telegraph* expects, "goddesses diviner even than *Milo's Venus*," our want of acquaintance with the works of that sculptor forbids us from hazarding a surmise. But a comparison of such goddesses with the "*Venus of Milo*," or, in other words, "the *Melian Venus*," will, perhaps, afford us almost as trustworthy a means of estimating their merit. On the whole, however, the article of the *Telegraph* is deserving of high commendation, and contains a very varied, if not very well digested, mass of classical and historical learning. We have *Polycrates* and *Jason*, *Genesio* and *Gregory the Great*, besides many other proper names, in little more than a single column; besides many passages sparkling with the beauties peculiar to this journal.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

## THE SWORD IN THE SCALE.

THE next morning Charley and I went as usual to the library, where later in the day we were joined by the two ladies. It was long before our eyes once met, but when at last they did, Mary allowed hers to rest on mine for just one moment with an expression of dove-like beseeching, which I dared to interpret as meaning — "Be just to me." If she read mine, surely she read there that she was safe with my thoughts as with those of her mother.

Charley and I worked late in the afternoon, and went away in the last of the twilight. As we approached the gate of the park, however, I remembered I had left behind me a book I had intended to carry home for comparison with a copy in my possession of which the title-page was gone. I asked Charley therefore to walk on and give my man some directions about Lilith, seeing I had it in my mind to propose a ride on the morrow, while I went back to fetch it.

Finding the door at the foot of the stair leading to the open gallery ajar, and knowing that none of the rooms at either end of it were occupied, I went the nearest way, and thus entered the library at the point farthest from the more public parts of the house. The book I sought was however at the other end of the suite, for I had laid it on the window-sill of the room next the armoury.

As I entered that room, and while I crossed it towards the glimmering window, I heard voices in the armoury, and soon distinguished Clara's. It never entered my mind that possibly I ought not to hear what might be said. Just as I reached the window, I was arrested, and stood stock-still: the other voice was that of Geoffrey Brotherton. Before my self-possession returned, I had heard what follows.

"I am certain *he* took it," said Clara. "I didn't see him, of course; but if you call at the Moat to-morrow, ten to one you will find it hanging on the wall."

"I knew him for a sneak, but never took him for a thief. I would have lost anything out of the house rather than that sword!"

"Don't you mention my name in it. If you do, I shall think you — well, I will never speak to you again."

"And if I don't, what then?"

Before I heard her answer, I had come to myself. I had no time for indignation yet. I must meet Geoffrey at once. I

would not however have him know I had overheard any of their talk. It would have been more straightforward to allow the fact to be understood, but I shrunk from giving him occasion for accusing me of an eavesdropping of which I was innocent. Besides I had no wish to encounter Clara before I understood her game, which I need not say was a mystery to me. What end could she have in such duplicity? I had had unpleasant suspicions of the truth of her nature before, but could never have suspected her of baseness.

I stepped quietly into the further room, whence I returned, making a noise with the door-handle, and saying —

"Are you there, Miss Coningham? Could you help me to find a book I left here?"

There was silence; but after the briefest pause I heard the sound of her dress as she swept hurriedly out into the gallery. I advanced. On the top of the steps, filling the doorway of the armoury in the faint light from the window, appeared the dim form of Brotherton.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I heard a lady's voice, and thought it was Miss Coningham's."

"I cannot compliment your ear," he answered. "It was one of the maids. I had just rung for a light. I presume you are Mr. Cumbermede."

"Yes," I answered. "I returned to fetch a book I forgot to take with me. I suppose you have heard what we've been about in the library here?"

"I have been partially informed of it," he answered stiffly. "But I have heard also that you contemplate a raid upon the armoury. I beg you will let the weapons alone."

I had said something of the sort to Clara that very morning.

"I have a special regard for them," he went on; "and I don't want them meddled with. It's not every one knows how to handle them. Some amongst them I would not have injured for their weight in diamonds. One in particular I should like to give you the history of — just to show you that I am right in being careful over them. — Here comes the light!"

I presume it had been hurriedly arranged between them as Clara left him that she should send one of the maids, who in consequence now made her appearance with a candle. Brotherton took it from her and approached the wall.

"Why! What the devil! Some one has been meddling already, I find! The very sword I speak of is gone! There's

the sheath hanging empty! What can it mean? Do you know anything of this, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"I do, Mr. Brotherton. The sword to which that sheath belongs is *mine*. I have it."

"*Yours!*" he shouted; then restraining himself, added in a tone of utter contempt — "This is rather too much. Pray, sir, on what grounds do you lay claim to the smallest atom of property within these walls? My father ought to have known what he was about when he let you have the run of the house! And the old books too! By heaven, it's too much! I always thought —"

"It matters little to me what you think, Mr. Brotherton — so little that I do not care to take any notice of your insolence —"

"Insolence," he roared, striding towards me, as if he would have knocked me down.

I was not his match in strength, for he was at least two inches taller than I, and of a coarse-built, powerful frame. I caught a light rapier from the wall, and stood on my defence.

"Coward!" he cried.

"There are more where this came from," I answered, pointing to the wall.

He made no move towards arming himself, but stood glaring at me in a white rage.

"I am prepared to prove," I answered as calmly as I could, "that the sword to which you allude, is mine. But I will give you no explanation. If you will oblige me by asking your father to join us, I will tell him the whole story."

"I will have a warrant out against you."

"As you please. I am obliged to you for mentioning it. I shall be ready. I have the sword, and intend to keep it. And by the way, I had better secure the scabbard as well," I added, as with a sudden spring I caught it also from the wall, and again stood prepared.

He ground his teeth with rage. He was one of those who, trusting to their superior strength, are not much afraid of a row, but cannot face cold steel: soldier as he had been, it made him nervous.

"Insulted in my own house!" he snarled from between his teeth.

"Your father's house," I corrected. "Call him, and I will give explanations."

"Damn your explanation! Get out of the house, you puppy; or I'll have the servants up and have you ducked in the horse-pond."

"Bah!" I said. "There's not one of them would lay hands on me at your bidding. Call your father, I say, or I will go and find him myself."

He broke out in a succession of oaths, using language I had heard in the streets of London, but nowhere else. I stood perfectly still, and watchful. All at once, he turned and went into the gallery, over the balustrade of which he shouted —

"Martin! Go and tell my father to come here — to the armoury — at once. Tell him there's a fellow here out of his mind."

I remained quiet, with my scabbard in one hand, and the rapier in the other — a dangerous weapon enough, for it was, though slight, as sharp as a needle, and I knew it for a bit of excellent temper. Brotherton stood outside waiting for his father. In a few moments, I heard the voice of the old man.

"Boys! boys!" he cried; "What is all this to-do?"

"Why, sir," answered Geoffrey, trying to be calm, "here's that fellow Cumbermede confesses to having stolen the most valuable of the swords out of the armoury — one that's been in the family for two hundred years, and says he means to keep it."

I just caught the word *liar* ere it escaped my lips: I would spare the son in his father's presence.

"Tut! tut!" said Sir Giles. "What does it all mean? You're at your old quarrelsome tricks, my boy! Really you ought to be wiser by this time!"

As he spoke, he entered panting, and with the rubicund glow beginning to return upon a face from which the meesage had evidently banished it. "Tut! tut!" he said again, half starting back as he caught sight of me with the weapon in my hand — "What is it all about, Mr. Cumbermede? I thought you had more sense!"

"Sir Giles," I said, "I have not confessed to having stolen the sword — only to having taken it."

"A very different thing," he returned, trying to laugh. "But come now; tell me all about it. We can't have quarrelling like this, you know. We can't have pot-house work here."

"That is just why I sent for you, Sir Giles," I answered, replacing the rapier on the wall. "I want to tell you the whole story."

"Let's have it then."

"Mind I don't believe a word of it," said Geoffrey.



"Hold your tongue, sir," said his father sharply.

"Mr. Brotherton," I said, "I offered to tell the story to Sir Giles—not to you."

"You offered!" he sneered. "You may be compelled—under different circumstances by and by, if you don't mind what you're about."

"Come now—no more of this!" said Sir Giles.

Thereupon I began at the beginning, and told him the story of the sword, as I have already given it to my reader. He fidgeted a little, but Geoffrey kept himself stock-still during the whole of the narrative. As soon as I had ended Sir Giles said—

"And you think poor old Close actually carried off your sword!—Well, he was an odd creature, and had a passion for everything that could kill. The poor little atomy used to carry a poniard in the breast-pocket of his black coat—as if anybody would ever have thought of attacking his small carcass! Ha! ha! ha! He was simply a monomaniac in regard of swords and daggers. There, Geoffrey! The sword is plainly his. *He* is the wronged party in the matter, and we owe him an apology."

"I believe the whole to be a pure invention," said Geoffrey, who now appeared perfectly calm.

"Mr. Brotherton!" I began, but Sir Giles interposed.

"Hush! hush!" he said, and turned to his son. "My boy, you insult your father's guest."

"I will at once prove to you, sir, how unworthy he is of any forbearance, not to say protection from you. Excuse me for one moment."

He took up the candle, and opening the little door at the foot of the winding stair, disappeared. Sir Giles and I sat in silence and darkness until he returned, carrying in his hand an old vellum-bound book.

"I daresay you don't know this manuscript, sir," he said, turning to his father.

"I know nothing about it," answered Sir Giles. "What is it? Or what has it to do with the matter in hand?"

"Mr. Close found it in some corner or other, and used to read it to me when I was a little fellow. It is a description, and in most cases a history as well, of every weapon in the armoury. They had been much neglected, and a great many of the labels were gone, but those which were left referred to numbers in the book head-

ing descriptions which corresponded exactly to the weapons on which they were found. With a little trouble he had succeeded in supplying the numbers where they were missing, for the descriptions are very minute."

He spoke in a tone of perfect self-possession.

"Well, Geoffrey, I ask again, what has all this to do with it?" said his father.

"If Mr. Cumbermede will allow you to look at the label attached to the sheath in his hand, for fortunately it was a rule with Mr. Close to put a label on both sword and sheath, and if you will read me the number, I will read you the description in the book."

I handed the sheath to Sir Giles, who began to decipher the number on the ivory ticket.

"The label is quite a new one," I said.

"I have already accounted for that," said Brotherton. "I will leave it to yourself to decide whether the description corresponds."

Sir Giles read out the number, figure by figure, adding—

"But how are we to test the description? I don't know the thing, and its not here."

"It is at the Moat," I replied; "but its future place is at Sir Giles's decision."

"Part of the description belongs to the scabbard you have in your hand, sir," said Brotherton. "The description of the sword itself I submit to Mr. Cumbermede."

"Till the other day I never saw the blade," I said.

"Likely enough," he retorted dryly, and proceeding, read the description of the half-basket hilt, inlaid with gold, and the broad blade, channeled near the hilt, and inlaid with ornaments and initials in gold.

"There is nothing in all that about the scabbard," said his father.

"Stop till we come to the history," he replied, and read on, as nearly as I can recall, to the following effect. I have never had an opportunity of copying the words themselves.

"This sword seems to have been expressly forged for Sir ———," (He read it *Sir So and So*.) "whose initials are to be found on the blade. According to tradition, it was worn by him, for the first and only time, at the battle of Naseby, where he fought in the cavalry led by Sir Marmaduke Langdale. From some accident or other, Sir ———

found, just as the order to charge was given, that he could not draw his sword, and had to charge with only a pistol in his hand. In the flight which followed, he pulled up, and unbuckled his sword, but while attempting to ease it, a rush of the enemy startled him, and, looking about, he saw a roundhead riding straight at Sir Marmaduke, who that moment passed in the rear of his retiring troops—giving some directions to an officer by his side, and unaware of the nearness of danger. Sir ——— put spurs to his charger, rode at the trooper, and dealt him a downright blow on the pot-helmet with his sheathed weapon. The fellow tumbled from his horse, and Sir ——— found his scabbard split halfway up, but the edge of his weapon unturned. It is said he vowed it should remain sheathed for ever.—The person who has now unsheathed it," added Brotherton, "has done a great wrong to the memory of a loyal cavalier."

The sheath halfway split was as familiar to my eyes as the face of my uncle," I said, turning to Sir Giles. "And in the only reference I ever heard my great-grandmother make to it, she mentioned the name of Sir Marmaduke. I recollect that much perfectly."

"But how could the sword be there and here at one and the same time?" said Sir Giles.

"That I do not pretend to explain," I said.

"Here at least is written testimony to our possession of it," said Brotherton in a conclusive tone.

"How then are we to explain Mr. Cumbermede's story?" said Sir Giles, evidently in good faith.

"With that I cannot consent to allow myself concerned.—Mr. Cumbermede is, I am told, a writer of fiction."

"Geoffrey," said Sir Giles, "behave yourself like a gentleman."

"I endeavour to do so," he returned with a sneer.

I kept silence.

"How can you suppose," the old man went on, "that Mr. Cumbermede would invent such a story? What object could he have?"

"He may have a mania for weapons like old Close—as well as for old books," he replied.

I thought of my precious folio. But I did not yet know how much additional force his insinuation with regard to the motive of my labours in the library would gain if it should be discovered that such a volume was in my possession.

"You may have remarked, sir, he went on, "that I did not read the name of the owner of the sword in any place where it occurred in the manuscript."

"I did. And I beg to know why you kept it back," answered Sir Giles.

"What do you think the name might be, sir?"

"How should I know? I am not an antiquarian."

"Sir Wilfrid Cumbermede. You will find the initials on the blade.—Does that throw any light on the matter, do you think, sir?"

"Why, that is your very own name!" cried Sir Giles, turning to me.

I bowed.

"It is a pity the sword shouldn't be yours."

"It is mine, Sir Giles—though, as I said, I am prepared to abide by your decision."

"And now I remember"—the old man resumed, after a moment's thought—"the other evening Mr. Alderforge—a man of great learning, Mr. Cumbermede—told us that the name of Cumbermede had at one time belonged to our family. It is all very strange. I confess I am utterly bewildered."

"At least you can understand, sir, how a man of imagination, like Mr. Cumbermede here, might desire to possess himself of a weapon which bears his initials, and belonged two hundred years ago to a baronet of the same name as himself—a circumstance which, notwithstanding it is by no means a common name, is not quite so strange as it at first sight appears—that is, if all reports are true."

I did not in the least understand his drift; neither did I care to inquire into it now.

"Were you aware of this, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked his father.

"No, Sir Giles," I answered.

"Mr. Cumbermede has had the run of the place for weeks. I am sorry I was not at home. This book was lying all the time on the table in the room above, where poor old Close's work-bench and polishing-wheel are still standing."

"Mr. Brotherton, this gets beyond bearing," I cried. Nothing but the presence of your father, to whom I am indebted for much kindness, protects you."

"Tut! tut!" said Sir Giles.

"Protects me, indeed!" exclaimed Brotherton. "Do you dream I should be by any code bound to accept a challenge from you?—Not, at least, before a jury had decided on the merits of the case."

My blood was boiling, but what could I do or say? Sir Giles rose and was about to leave the room, remarking only—

"I don't know what to make of it."

"At all events, Sir Giles," I said hurriedly, "you will allow me to prove the truth of what I have asserted. I cannot, unfortunately, call my uncle or aunt, for they are gone; and I do not know where the servant who was with us when I took the sword away, is now. But, if you will allow me, I will call Mrs. Wilson—to prove that I had the sword when I came to visit her on that occasion, and that on the morning after sleeping here I complained of its loss to her, and went away without it."

"It would but serve to show the hallucination was early developed. We should probably find that even then you were much attracted by the armoury," said Brotherton, with a judicial air, as if I were a culprit brought before him as a magistrate.

I had begun to see that, although the old man was desirous of being just, he was a little afraid of his son. He rose as the latter spoke, however, and going into the gallery, shouted over the balustrade—

"Some one send Mrs. Wilson to the library."

We removed to the reading-room, I carrying the scabbard which Sir Giles had returned to me as soon as he had read the label. Brotherton followed, having first gone up the little turnpike stair, doubtless to replace the manuscript.

Mrs. Wilson came, looking more pinched than ever, and stood before Sir Giles with her arms straight by her sides, like one of the ladies of Noah's ark. I will not weary my reader with a full report of the examination. She had seen me *with* a sword, but had taken no notice of its appearance. I might have taken it from the armoury, for I *was* in the library all the afternoon. She had left me there thinking I was a "gentlemanly" boy. I had said I had lost it, but she was sure *she* did not know how that could be. She was *very* sorry she had caused any trouble by asking me to the house, but Sir Giles would be pleased to remember that he had himself introduced the boy to her notice. Little she thought, &c., &c.

In fact the spiteful creature, propitiating her natural sense of justice by hinting instead of plainly suggesting injurious conclusions, was paying me back for my imagined participation in the impertinences of Clara. She had besides, as I learned

afterwards, greatly resented the trouble I had caused of late.

Brotherton struck in as soon as his father had ceased questioning her.

"At all events, if he believed the sword was his, why did he not go and represent the case to you, sir, and request justice from you? Since then he has had opportunity enough. His tale has taken too long to hatch."

"This is all very paltry," I said.

"Not so paltry as your contriving to sleep in the house in order to carry off your host's property in the morning—after studying the place to discover which room would suit your purpose best!"

Here I lost my presence of mind. A horror shook me lest something might come out to injure Mary, and I shivered at the thought of her name being once mentioned along with mine. If I had taken a moment to reflect, I must have seen that I should only add to the danger by what I was about to say. But her form was so inextricably associated in my mind with all that happened then, that it seemed as if the slightest allusion to any event of that night would inevitably betray her; and in the tremor which, like an electric shock, passed through me from head to foot, I blurted out words importing that I had never slept in the house in my life.

"Your room was got ready for you, anyhow, Master Cumbermede," said Mrs. Wilson.

"It does not follow that I occupied it," I returned.

"I can prove that false," said Brotherton; but probably lest he should be required to produce his witness, only added,—"At all events, he was seen in the morning, carrying the sword across the court before any one had been admitted."

I was silent; for I now saw too clearly that I had made a dreadful blunder, and that any attempt to carry assertion further, or even to explain away my words, might be to challenge the very discovery I would have given my life to ward off.

As I continued silent, steeling myself to endure, and saying to myself that disgrace was not dishonour, Sir Giles again rose, and turned to leave the room. Evidently he was now satisfied that I was unworthy of confidence.

"One moment, if you please, Sir Giles," I said. "It is plain to me there is some mystery about this affair, and it does not seem as if I should be able to clear it up. The time may come, however, when I can. I did wrong. I see now, in attempting to right myself, instead of representing my

case to you. But that does not alter the fact that the sword was and is mine, however appearances may be to the contrary. In the meantime, I restore you the scabbard, and as soon as I reach home, I shall send my man with the disputed weapon."

"It will be your better way," he said, as he took the sheath from my hand.

Without another word, he left the room. Mrs. Wilson also retired. Brotherton alone remained. I took no further notice of him, but followed Sir Giles through the armoury. He came after me, step for step, at a little distance, and as I stepped out into the gallery, said, in a tone of insulting politeness—

"You will send the sword as soon as may be quite convenient, Mr. Cumbermede? Or shall I send and fetch it?"

I turned and faced him in the dim light which came up from the hall.

"Mr. Brotherton, if you knew that book and those weapons as early as you have just said, you cannot help knowing that at that time the sword was *not* there."

"I decline to reopen the question," he said.

A fierce word leaped to my lips, but repressing it I turned away once more, and walked slowly down the stair, across the hall, and out of the house.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

##### I PART WITH MY SWORD.

I MADE haste out of the park, but wandered up and down my own field for half-an-hour, thinking in what shape to put what had occurred before Charley. My perplexity arose not so much from the difficulty involved in the matter itself, as from my inability to fix my thoughts. My brain was for the time like an ever-revolving kaleidoscope, in which however there was but one fair colour—the thought of Mary. Having at length succeeded in arriving at some conclusion, I went home, and would have despatched Styles at once with the sword, had not Charley already sent him off to the stable, so that I must wait.

"What has kept you so long, Wilfrid?" Charley asked as I entered.

"I've had a tremendous row with Brotherton," I answered.

"The brute! Is he there? I'm glad I was gone. What was it all about?"

"About that sword. It was very foolish of me to take it without saying a word to Sir Giles."

"So it was," he returned. "I can't think how *you* could be so foolish!"

I could, well enough. What with the dream and the waking, I could think little about anything else; and only since the consequences had overtaken me, saw how unwisely I had acted. I now told Charley the greater part of the affair—omitting the false step I had made in saying I had not slept in the house; and also, still with the vague dread of leading to some discovery, omitting to report the treachery of Clara; for, if Charley should talk to her or Mary about it, which was possible enough, I saw several points where the danger would lie very close. I simply told him that I had found Brotherton in the armoury, and reported what followed between us. I did not at all relish having now in my turn secrets from Charley, but my conscience did not trouble me about it, seeing it was for his sister's sake; and when I saw the rage of indignation into which he flew, I was, if possible, yet more certain I was right. I told him I must go and find Styles that he might take the sword at once; but he started up, saying he would carry it back himself, and at the same time take his leave of Sir Giles, whose house of course he could never enter again after the way I had been treated in it. I saw this would lead to a rupture with the whole family, but I should not regret that, for there could be no advantage to Mary either in continuing her intimacy, such as it was, with Clara, or in making further acquaintance with Brotherton. The time of their departure was also close at hand, and might be hastened without necessarily involving much of the unpleasant. Also, if Charley broke with them at once, there would be the less danger of his coming to know that I had not given him all the particulars of my discomfiture: if he were to find I had told a falsehood, how could I explain to him why I had done so? This arguing on probabilities, made me feel like a culprit who has to protect himself by concealment; but I will not dwell upon my discomfort in the half-duplicity thus forced upon me. I could not help it. I got down the sword, and together we looked at it for the first and last time. I found the description contained in the book perfectly correct. The upper part was inlaid with gold in a Greekish pattern crossed by the initials W.C. I gave it up to Charley with a sigh of submission to the inevitable, and having accompanied him to the park-gate, roamed my field again until his return.

He rejoined me in a far quieter mood, and for a moment or two I was silent with the terror of learning that he had become

acquainted with my unhappy blunder. After a little pause, he said—

"I'm very sorry I didn't see Brotherton. I should have liked just a word or two with him."

"It's just as well not," I said. "You would only have made another row. Didn't you see any of them?"

"I saw the old man. He seemed really cut up about it, and professed great concern. He didn't even refer to you by name—and spoke only in general terms. I told him you were incapable of what was laid to your charge; that I had not the slightest doubt of your claim to the sword,—your word being enough for me—and that I trusted time would right you. I went too far there however, for I haven't the slightest hope of anything of the sort."

"How did he take all that?"

"He only smiled—incredulously and sadly,—so that I couldn't find it in my heart to tell him all my mind. I only insisted on my own perfect confidence in you.—I'm afraid I made a poor advocate, Wilfrid. Why should I mind his gray hairs where justice was concerned? I am afraid I was false to you, Wilfrid."

"Nonsense; you did just the right thing, old boy. Nobody could have done better."

"Do you think so? I am *so* glad! I have been feeling ever since as if I ought to have gone into a rage, and shaken the dust of the place from my feet for a witness against the whole nest of them! But somehow I couldn't—what with the honest face and the sorrowful look of the old man."

"You are always too much of a partizan, Charley; I don't mean so much in your actions—for this very one disproves that—but in your notions of obligation. You forget that you had to be just to Sir Giles as well as to me, and that he must be judged—not by the absolute facts of the case, but by what appeared to him to be the facts. He could not help misjudging me. But you ought to help misjudging him. So you see your behaviour was guided by an instinct or a soul, or what you will, deeper than your judgment."

"That may be—but he ought to have known you better than believe you capable of misconduct."

"I don't know that. He had seen very little of me. But I daresay he puts it down to cleptomaniac. I think he will be kind enough to give the ugly thing a fine name for my sake. Besides he must hold either by his son or by me."

"That's the worst that can be said on my side of the question. He must by this time be aware that that son of his is nothing better than a low scoundrel."

"It takes much to convince a father of such an unpleasant truth as that, Charley."

"Not much, if my experience goes for anything."

"I trust it is not typical, Charley."

"I suppose you're going to stand up for Geoffrey next?"

"I have no such intention. But if I did, it would be but to follow your example. We seem to change sides every now and then. You remember how you used to defend Clara when I expressed my doubts about her."

"And wasn't I right? Didn't you come over to my side?"

"Yes, I did," I said, and hastened to change the subject; adding, "As for Geoffrey, there is room enough to doubt whether he believes what he says, and that makes a serious difference. In thinking over the affair since you left me, I have discovered further grounds for questioning his truthfulness."

"As if that were necessary!" he exclaimed with an accent of scorn.—"But tell me what you mean," he added.

"In turning the thing over in my mind, this question has occurred to me.—He read from the manuscript, that on the blade of the sword near the hilt, were the initials of Wilfrid Cumbermede. Now, if the sword had never been drawn from the scabbard, how was that to be known to the writer?"

"Perhaps it was written about that time," said Charley.

"No; the manuscript was evidently written some considerable time after. It refers to tradition concerning it."

"Then the writer knew it by tradition."

The moment Charley's logical faculty was excited, his perception was impartial.

"Besides," he went on, "it does not follow that the sword had really never been drawn before. Mr. Close even may have done so, for his admiration was apparently quite as much for weapons themselves as for their history. Clara could hardly have drawn it as she did, if it had not been meddled with before."

The terror lest he should ask me how I came to carry it home without the scabbard, hurried my objection.

"That supposition, however, would only imply that Brotherton might have learned the fact from the sword itself, not from the book. I should just like to have one



peep of the manuscript to see whether what he read was all there."

"Or any of it, for that matter," said Charley. "Only it would have been a more tremendous risk than I think he would have run."

"I wish I had thought of it sooner, though."

My suspicion was that Clara had examined the blade thoroughly, and given him a full description of it. He *might*, however, have been at the Hall on some previous occasion, without my knowledge, and might have seen the half-drawn blade on the wall, examined it, and pushed it back into the sheath; which might have so far loosened the blade, that Clara was afterwards able to draw it herself. I was all but certain by this time that it was no other than she that had laid it on my bed. But then why had she drawn it? Perhaps that I might leave proof of its identity behind me—for the carrying out of her treachery, whatever the object of it might be. But this opened a hundred questions not to be discussed, even in silent thought, in the presence of another.

"Did you see your mother, Charley?" I asked.

"No. I thought it better not to trouble her. They are going to-morrow. Mary had persuaded her—why, I don't know—to return a day or two sooner than they had intended."

"I hope Brotherton will not succeed in prejudicing them against me."

"I wish that were possible," he answered. "But the time for prejudice is long gone by."

I could not believe this to be the case in respect of Mary; for I could not but think her favourably inclined to me.

"Still," I said, "I should not like their bad opinion of me to be enlarged as well as strengthened by the belief that I had attempted to steal Sir Giles's property. You *must* stand my friend there, Charley."

"Then you *do* doubt me, Wilfrid?"

"Not a bit, you foolish fellow."

"You know, I can't enter that house again, and I don't care about writing to my mother, for my father is sure to see it; but I will follow my mother and Mary the moment they are out of the grounds to-morrow, and soon see whether they've got the story by the right end."

The evening passed with me in alternate fits of fierce indignation and profound depression, for, while I was clear to my own conscience in regard of my enemies, I had yet thrown myself bound at their feet by my foolish lie; and I all but

made up my mind to leave the country, and only return after having achieved such a position—of what sort I had no more idea than the school-boy before he sets himself to build a new castle in the air—as would buttress any assertion of the facts I might see fit to make in after years.

When we had parted for the night, my brains began to go about, and the centre of their gyration was not Mary now, but Clara. What could have induced her to play me false? All my vanity, of which I had enough, was insufficient to persuade me that it could be out of revenge for the her. She had seen me pay none to Mary, gradual diminution of my attentions to I thought, except she had caught a glimpse from the next room of the little passage of the ring, and that I did not believe. Neither did I believe she had ever cared enough about me to be jealous of whatever attentions I might pay to another. But in all my conjectures, I had to confess myself utterly foiled. I could imagine no motive. Two possibilities alone, both equally improbable, suggested themselves—the one, that she did it for pure love of mischief, which, false as she was to me, I could not believe; the other, which likewise I rejected, that she wanted to ingratiate herself with Brotherton. I had still, however, scarcely a doubt that she had laid the sword on my bed. Trying to imagine a connection between this possible action and Mary's mistake, I built up a conjectural form of conjectural facts to this effect—that Mary had seen her go into my room; had taken it for the room she was to share with her, and had followed her either at once—in which case I supposed Clara to have gone out by the stair to the roof to avoid being seen—or afterwards, from some accident, without a light in her hand. But I do not care to set down more of my speculations, for none concerning this either were satisfactory to myself, and I remain almost as much in the dark to this day. In any case the fear remained that Clara must be ever on the borders of the discovery of Mary's secret, if indeed she did not know it already, which was a dreadful thought—more especially as I could place no confidence in her. I was glad to think, however, that they were to be parted so soon, and I had little fear of any correspondence between them.

The next morning Charley set out to waylay them at a certain point on their homeward journey. I did not propose to accompany him. I preferred having him

speak for me first, not knowing how much they might have heard to my discredit, for it was far from probable the matter had been kept from them. After he had started however, I could not rest, and for pure restlessness sent Styles to fetch my mare. The loss of my sword was a trifle to me now, but the proximity of the place where I should henceforth be regarded as what I hardly dare to realize, was almost unendurable. As if I had actually been guilty of what was laid to my charge, I longed to hide myself in some impenetrable depth, and kept looking out impatiently for Style's return. At length I caught sight of my Lilith's head rising white from the hollow in which the farm lay, and ran up to my room to make a little change in my attire. Just as I snatched my riding-whip from a hook by the window, I spied a horseman approaching from the direction of the park gates. Once more it was Mr. Coningham, riding hitherward from the windy trees. In no degree inclined to meet him, I hurried down the stair, and arriving at the very moment Styles drew up, sprung into the saddle, and would have galloped off in the opposite direction, confident that no horse of Mr. Coningham's could overtake my Lilith. But the moment I was in the saddle, I remembered there was a pile of books on the window-sill of my uncle's room, belonging to the library at the Hall, and I stopped a moment to give Styles the direction to take them home at once, and, having asked a word of Miss Pease, to request her, with my kind regards, to see them safely deposited amongst the rest. In consequence of this delay, just as I set off at full speed from the door, Mr. Coningham rode round the corner of the house.

"What a devil of a hurry you are in, Mr. Cumbermede!" he cried. "I was just coming to see you. Can't you spare me a word?"

I was forced to pull up, and reply as civilly as might be.

"I am only going for a ride," I said, "and will go part of your way with you if you like."

"Thank you. That will suit me admirably. I am going Gasford way. Have you ever been there?"

"No," I answered. "I have only just heard the name of the village."

"It is a pretty place. But there's the oddest old church you ever saw, within a couple of miles of it — alone in the middle of a forest — or at least it was a forest not long ago. It is mostly young trees now. There isn't a house within a mile of it,

and the nearest stands as lonely as the church — quite a place to suit the fancy of a poet like you! Come along and see it. You may as well go one way as another, if you only want a ride."

"How far is it?" I asked.

"Only seven or eight miles across country: I can take you all the way through lanes and fields."

Perplexed or angry I was always disinclined for speech; and it was only after things had arranged themselves in my mind, or I had mastered my indignation, that I would begin to feel communicative. But something prudential inside warned me that I could not afford to lose any friend I had; and although I was not prepared to confide my wrongs to Mr. Coningham, I felt I might some day be glad of his counsel.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

##### CUMBERDEN CHURCH.

My companion chatted away, lauded my mare, asked if I had seen Clara lately, and how the library was getting on. I answered him carelessly, without even a hint at my troubles.

"You seem out of spirits, Mr. Cumbermede," he said. "You've been taking too little exercise. Let's have a canter. It will do you good. Here's a nice bit of sward."

I was only too ready to embrace the excuse for dropping a conversation towards which I was unable to contribute my share.

Having reached a small roadside inn, we gave our horses a little refreshment; after which, crossing a field or two by jumping the stiles, we entered the loveliest lane I had ever seen. It was so narrow that there was just room for horses to pass each other, and covered with the greenest sward rarely trodden. It ran through the midst of a wilderness of tall hazels. They stood up on both sides of it, straight and trim as walls, high above our heads as we sat on our horses; and the lane was so serpentine, that we could never see further than a few yards ahead; while, towards the end, it kept turning so much in one direction that we seemed to be following the circumference of a little circle. It ceased at length at a small double-leaved gate of iron, to which we tied our horses before entering the churchyard. But instead of a neat burial-place, which the whole approach would have given us to expect, we found a desert. The grass was of extraordinary coarseness, and mingled with quantities of vile-looking weeds.

Several of the graves had not even a spot of green upon them, but were mere heaps of yellow earth in huge lumps, mixed with large stones. There was not above a score of graves in the whole place, two or three of which only had gravestones on them. One lay open with the rough yellow lumps all about it, and completed the desolation. The church was nearly square—small and shapeless, with but four latticed windows, two on one side, one in the other, and the fourth in the east end. It was built partly of bricks and partly of flint stones, the walls bowed and bent, and the roof waved and broken. Its old age had gathered none of the graces of age to soften its natural ugliness, or elevate its insignificance. Except a few lichens, there was not a mark of vegetation about it. Not a single ivy leaf grew on its spotted and wasted walls. It gave a hopeless, pagan expression to the whole landscape—for it stood on a rising ground from which we had an extensive prospect of height and hollow, cornfield and pasture, and wood, away to the dim blue horizon.

"You don't find it enlivening, do you—eh?" said my companion.

"I never saw such a frightfully desolate spot," I said, "to have yet the appearance of a place of Christian worship. It looks as if there was a curse upon it. Are all those the graves of suicides and murderers? It cannot surely be consecrated ground."

"It's not nice," he said. "I didn't expect you to like it. I only said it was odd."

"Is there any service held in it?" I asked.

"Yes—once a fortnight or so. The rector has another living a few miles off."

"Where can the congregation come from?"

"Hardly from anywhere. There ain't generally more than five or six, I believe. Let's have a look at the inside of it."

"The windows are much too high, and no foothold."

"We'll go in."

"Where can you get the key? It must be a mile off at least by your own account. There's no house nearer than that, you say."

He made no reply, but going to the only flat gravestone, which stood on short thick pillars, he put his hand beneath it, and drew out a great rusty key.

"Country lawyers know a secret or two," he said.

"Not always much worth knowing," I

rejoined,— "if the inside be no better than the outside."

"We'll have a look anyhow," he said, as he turned the key in the dry lock.

The door snarled on its hinges and disclosed a space drearier certainly, and if possible uglier than its promise.

"Really, Mr. Coningham," I said, "I don't see why you should have brought me to look at this place."

"It answered for a bait, at all events. You've had a good long ride, which was the best thing for you. Look what a wretched little vestry that is."

It was but the corner of the east end, divided off by a faded red curtain.

"I suppose they keep a parish register here," he said. "Let's have a look."

Behind the curtain hung a dirty surplice and a gown. In the corner stood a desk like the schoolmaster's in a village school. There was a shelf with a few vellum-bound books on it, and nothing else, not even a chair, in the place.

"Yes; there they are!" he said, as he took down one of the volumes from the shelf. "This one comes to a close in the middle of the last century. I dare say there is something in this now that would be interesting enough to somebody. Who knows how many properties it might make change hands?"

"Not many, I should think. Those matters are pretty well seen to now."

"By some one or other—not always the rightful heirs. Life is full of the strangest facts, Mr. Cumbermede. If I were a novelist now, like you, my experience would make me dare a good deal more in the way of invention than any novelist I happen to have read. Look there, for instance!"

He pointed to the top of the last page, or, rather, the last half of the cover. I read as follows:

#### "MARRIAGES, 1748.

"Mr. Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll, of the Parish of ——— second son of Sir Richard Daryll of Moldwarp Hall in the County of ——— and Mistress Elizabeth Woodruffe were married by a licence Jan. 15."

"I don't know the name of Daryll," I said.

"It was your own great-grandfather's name," he returned. "I happen to know that much."

"You knew this was here, Mr. Coningham," I said. "That is why you brought me."

"You are right. I did know it. Was I wrong in thinking it would interest you?"

"Certainly not. I am obliged to you. But why this mystery. Why not have told me what you wanted me to go for?"

"I will why you in turn. Why should I have wanted to show you now more than any other time what I have known for as many years almost as you have lived? You spoke of a ride—why shouldn't I give a direction to it that might pay you for your trouble? And why shouldn't I have a little amusement out of it if I pleased? Why shouldn't I enjoy your surprise at finding in a place you had hardly heard of and would certainly count most uninteresting, the record of a fact that concerned your own existence so nearly? There!"

"I confess it interests me more than you will easily think—inasmuch as it seems to offer to account for things that have greatly puzzled me for some time. I have of late met with several hints of a connection at one time or other between the Moat and the Hall, but these hints were so isolated that I could weave no theory to connect them. Now I dare say they will clear themselves up."

"Not a doubt of that, if you set about it in earnest."

"How did he come to drop his surname?"

"That has to be accounted for."

"It follows—does it not?—that I am of the same blood as the present possessors of Moldwarp Hall?"

"You are—but the relation is not a close one," said Mr. Coningham. "Sir Giles was but distantly related to the stock of which you come."

"Then—but I must turn it over in my mine. I am rather in a maze."

"You have got some papers at the Moat?" he said—interrogatively.

"Yes; my friend Osborne has been looking over them. He found out this much—that there was once some connection between the Moat and the Hall, but at a far earlier date than this points to, or any of the hints to which I just now referred. The other day when I dined at Sir Giles's, Mr. Alderforge said that Cumbermede was a name belonging to Sir Giles's ancestry—or something to that effect; but that again could have had nothing to do with those papers, or with the Moat at all."

Here I stopped, for I could not bring myself to refer to the sword. It was not merely that the subject was too painful: of all things I did not want to be cross-questioned by my lawyer-companion.

"It is not amongst those you will find anything of importance, I suspect. Did

your great-grandmother—the same, no doubt, whose marriage is here registered—leave no letters or papers behind her?"

"I've come upon a few letters. I don't know if there is anything more."

"You haven't read them, apparently."

"I have not. I've been always going to read them, but I haven't opened one of them yet."

"Then I recommend you—that is, if you care for an interesting piece of family history—to read those letters carefully, that is constructively."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—putting two and two together, and seeing what comes of it; trying to make everything fit into one, you know."

"Yes. I understand you. But how do you happen to know that those letters contain a history, or that it will prove interesting when I have found it?"

"All family history ought to be interesting—at least to the last of his race," he returned, replying only to the latter half of my question. "It must, for one thing, make him feel his duty to his ancestors more strongly."

"His duty to marry, I suppose you mean?" I said with some inward bitterness. "But to tell the truth, I don't think the inheritance worth it in my case."

"It might be better," he said, with an expression which seemed odd beside the simplicity of the words.

"Ah! you think then to urge me to make money; and for the sake of my dead ancestors increase the inheritance of those that may come after me? But I believe I am already as diligent as is good for me—that is in the main, for I have been losing time of late."

"I meant no such thing, Mr. Cumbermede. I should be very doubtful whether any amount of success in literature would enable you to restore the fortunes of your family."

"Were they so very ponderous, do you think? But in truth I have little ambition of that sort. All I will readily confess to is a strong desire not to shirk what work falls to my share in the world."

"Yes," he said, in a thoughtful manner—"if one only knew what his share of the work was."

The remark was unexpected, and I began to feel a little more interest in him.

"Haden't you better take a copy of that entry?" he said.

"Yes—perhaps I had. But I have no materials."

It did not strike me that attorneys do not usually, like excisemen, carry about an ink-bottle, when he drew one from the breast-pocket of his coat, along with a folded sheet of writing-paper, which he opened and spread out on the desk. I took the pen he offered me, and copied the entry.

When I had finished, he said—

"Leave room under it for the attestation of the parson. We can get that another time, if necessary. Then write, 'Copied by me'—and then your name and the date. It may be useful some time. Take it home and lay it with your grandmother's papers."

"There can be no harm in that," I said, as I folded it up, and put it in my pocket. "I am greatly obliged to you for bringing me here, Mr. Coningham. Though I am not ambitious of restoring the family to a grandeur of which every record has departed, I am quite sufficiently interested in its history, and shall consequently take care of this document."

"Mind you read your grandmother's papers, though," he said.

"I will," I answered.

He replaced the volume on the shelf, and we left the church; he locked the door and replaced the key under the gravestone; we mounted our horses, and after riding with me about half the way to the Moat, he took his leave at a point where our roads diverged. I resolved to devote that very evening, partly in the hope of distracting my thoughts, to the reading of my grandmother's letters.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.

##### MY FOLIO.

WHEN I reached home I found Charley there, as I had expected.

But a change had again come over him. He was nervous, restless, apparently anxious. I questioned him about his mother and sister. He had met them as planned, and had, he assured me, done his utmost to impress them with the truth concerning me. But he had found his mother incredulous, and had been unable to discover from her how much she had heard; while Mary maintained an obstinate silence, and, as he said, looked more stupid than usual. He did not tell me that Clara had accompanied them so far, and that he had walked with her back to the entrance of the park. This I heard afterwards. When we had talked a while over the sword-business—for we could not well keep off it long—Charley seeming all the

time more uncomfortable than ever, he said, perhaps merely to turn the talk into a more pleasant channel—

"By the way, where have you put your folio? I've been looking for it ever since I came in, but I can't find it. A new reading started up in my head the other day, and I want to try it both with the print and the context."

"It's in my room," I answered. "I will go and fetch it."

"We will go together," he said.

I looked where I thought I had laid it, but there it was not. A pang of foreboding terror invaded me. Charley told me afterwards that I turned as white as a sheet. I looked everywhere, but in vain; ran and searched my uncle's room, and then Charley's, but still in vain; and at last, all at once, remembered with certainty that two nights before I had laid it on the window-sill in my uncle's room. I shouted for Styles, but he was gone home with the mare, and I had to wait, in little short of agony, until he returned. The moment he entered, I began to question him.

"You took those books home, Styles?" I said, as quietly as I could, anxious not to startle him, lest it should interfere with the just action of his memory.

"Yes, sir. I took them at once, and gave them into Miss Pease's own hands;—at least I suppose it was Miss Pease. She wasn't a young lady, sir."

"All right, I daresay. How many were there of them?"

"Six, sir."

"I told you five," I said, trembling with apprehension and wrath.

"You said four or five, and I never thought but the six were to go. They were all together on the window-sill."

I stood speechless. Charley took up the questioning.

"What sized books were they?" he asked.

"Pretty biggish—the same I've seen you, gentlemen, more than once, putting your heads together over. At least it looked like it."

Charley started up and began pacing about the room. Styles saw he had committed some dreadful mistake, and began a blundering expression of regret, but neither of us took any notice of him, and he crept out in dismay.

It was some time before either of us could utter a word. The loss of the sword was a trifle to this. Beyond a doubt the precious tome was now lying in the library of Moldwarp Hall—amongst old friends



and companions, possibly—where years on years might elapse before one loving hand would open it, or any eyes gaze on it with reverence.

"Lost, Charley!" I said at last.—"Irrecoverably lost!"

"I will go and fetch it," he cried, starting up. "I will tell Clara to bring it out to me. It is beyond endurance this. Why should you not go and claim what both of us can take our oath to as yours?"

"You forget, Charley, how the sword-affair cripples us—and how the claiming of this volume would only render their belief with regard to the other more probable. You forget too that I *might* have placed it in the chest first, and above all that the name on the title-page is the same as the initials on the blade of the sword,—the same as my own."

"Yes—I see it won't do. And yet if I were to represent the thing to Sir Giles?—He doesn't care for old books——"

"You forget, again, Charley, that the volume is of great money-value. Perhaps my late slip has made me fastidious—but though the book be mine—and if I had it, the proof of the contrary would lie with them—I could not take advantage of Sir Giles' ignorance to recover it."

"I might however get Clara—she is a favourite with him, you know——"

"I will not hear of it," I said, interrupting him, and he was forced to yield.

"No, Charley," I said again; "I must just bear it. Harder things *have* been borne, and men have got through the world and out of it notwithstanding. If there isn't another world, why should we care much for the loss of what *must* go with the rest?—and if there is, why should we care at all?"

"Very fine, Wilfrid! but when you come to the practice—why, the less said the better."

"But that is the very point: we don't come to the practice. If we did, then the ground of it would be proved unobjectionable."

"True;—but if the practice be unattainable——"

"It would take much proving to prove that to my—dissatisfaction I should say; and more failure besides, I can tell you, than there will be time for in this world. If it were proved, however—don't you see it would disprove both suppositions equally? If such a philosophical spirit be unattainable, it discredits both sides of the alternative on either of which it would have been reasonable."

"There is a sophism there of course, but

I am not in the mood for pulling your logic to pieces," returned Charley, still pacing up and down the room.

In sum, nothing would come of all our talk but the assurance that the volume was equally irrecoverable with the sword, and indeed with my poor character—at least in the eyes of my immediate neighbours.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.

##### THE LETTERS AND THEIR STORY.

As soon as Charley went to bed, I betook myself to my grandmother's room, in which, before discovering my loss, I had told Styles to kindle a fire. I had said nothing to Charley about my ride, and the old church, and the marriage-register. For the time, indeed, I had almost lost what small interest I had taken in the matter—my new bereavement was so absorbing and painful; but feeling certain when he left me, that I should not be able to sleep, but would be tormented all night by innumerable mental mosquitoes if I made the attempt, and bethinking me of my former resolution, I proceeded to carry it out.

The fire was burning brightly, and my reading lamp was on the table, ready to be lighted. But I sat down first in my grandmother's chair and mused for I know not how long. At length my wandering thoughts rehearsed again the excursion with Mr. Coningham. I pulled the copy of the marriage-entry from my pocket, and in reading it over again, my curiosity was sufficiently roused to send me to the bureau. I lighted my lamp at last, unlocked what had seemed to my childhood a treasury of unknown marvels, took from it the packet of yellow withered letters, and sat down again by the fire to read, in my great grand-mother's chair, the letters of Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll—for so he signed himself in all of them—my great grandfather. There were amongst them a few of her own in reply to his—badly written and badly spelt, but perfectly intelligible. I will not transcribe any of them—I have them to show if needful—but not at my command at the present moment;—for I am writing neither where I commenced my story—on the outskirts of an ancient city, nor at the Moat, but in a dreary old square in London; and those letters lie locked again in the old bureau, and have lain unvisited through thousands of desolate days and slow creeping nights, in that room which I cannot help feeling sometimes as if the ghost of that high-spirited,

restless-hearted grandmother of mine must now and then revisit, sitting in the same old chair, and wondering to find how far it has all receded from her — wondering also to think what a work she made, through her long and weary life, about things that look to her now such trifles.

I do not then transcribe any of the letters, but give, in a connected form, what seem to me the facts I gathered from them; not hesitating to present, where they are required, self-evident conclusions as if they were facts mentioned in them. I repeat that none of my names are real, although they all point at the real names.

Wilfrid Cumbermede was the second son of Richard and Mary Daryll of Moldwarp Hall. He was baptized Cumbermede from the desire to keep in memory the name of a celebrated ancestor, the owner in fact of the disputed sword — itself alluded to in the letters, — who had been more mindful of the supposed rights of his king than the next king was of the privations undergone for his sake, for Moldwarp Hall at least was never recovered from the roundhead branch of the family into whose possession it had drifted. In the change, however, which creeps on with new generations, there had been in the family a reaction of sentiment in favour of the more distinguished of its progenitors; and Richard Daryll, a man of fierce temper and overbearing disposition, had named his son after the cavalier. A tyrant in his family, at least in the judgment of the writers of those letters, he apparently found no trouble either with his wife or his eldest or youngest son; while, whether his own fault or not, it was very evident that from Wilfrid his annoyances had been numerous.

A legal feud had for some time existed between the Ahab of Moldwarp Hall and the Naboth of the Moat, the descendant of an ancient yeoman family of good blood, and indeed related to the Darylls themselves, of the name of Woodruffe. Sir Richard had cast covetous eyes upon the field surrounding Stephen's comparatively humble abode, which had at one time formed a part of the Moldwarp property. In searching through some old parchments, he had found, or rather, I suppose, persuaded himself he had found sufficient evidence that this part of the property of the Moat, then of considerable size, had been willed away in contempt of the entail which covered it, and belonged by right to himself and his heirs. He had therefore instituted proceedings to recover possession, during the progress of which

their usual bickerings and disputes augmented in fierceness. A decision having at length been given in favour of the weaker party, the mortification of Sir Richard was unendurable to himself, and his wrath and unreasonableness in consequence, equally unendurable to his family. One may then imagine the paroxysm of rage with which he was seized when he discovered that, during the whole of the legal process, his son Wilfrid had been making love to Elizabeth Woodruffe, the only child of his enemy. In Wilfrid's letters, the part of the story which follows is fully detailed for Elizabeth's information, of which the reason is also plain — that the writer had spent such a brief period afterwards in Elizabeth's society, that he had not been able for very shame to recount the particulars.

No sooner had Sir Richard come to a knowledge of the hateful fact, evidently through one of his servants, than, suppressing the outburst of his rage for the moment, he sent for his son Wilfrid, and informed him, his lips quivering with suppressed passion, of the discovery he had made; accused him of having brought disgrace on the family, and of having been guilty of falsehood and treachery; and ordered him to go down on his knees and abjure the girl before heaven, or expect a father's vengeance.

But evidently Wilfrid was as little likely as any man to obey such a command. He boldly avowed his love for Elizabeth, and declared his intention of marrying her. His father, foaming with rage, ordered his servants to seize him. Overmastered in spite of his struggles, he bound him to a pillar, and taking a horse-whip, lashed him furiously; then, after his rage was thus in a measure appeased, ordered them to carry him to his bed. There he remained, hardly able to move, the whole of that night and the next day. On the following night, he made his escape from the Hall, and took refuge with a farmer-friend a few miles off — in the neighbourhood, probably, of Umberden Church.

Here I would suggest a conjecture of my own — namely, that my ancestor's room was the same I had occupied, so — fatally, shall I say? — to myself, on the only two occasions on which I had slept at the Hall; that he escaped by the stair to the roof, having first removed the tapestry from the door, as a memorial to himself and a sign to those he left; that he carried with him the sword and the volume — both probably lying in his room at the time, and the latter little valued by any oth-

er. But all this, I repeat, is pure conjecture.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he communicated with Elizabeth, prevailed upon her to marry him at once at Umberden Church, and within a few days, as near as I could judge, left her to join, as a volunteer, the army of the Duke of Cumberland, then fighting the French in the Netherlands. Probably from a morbid fear lest the disgrace his father's brutality had inflicted should become known in his regiment, he dropped the surname of Daryll when he joined it; and—for what precise reasons I cannot be certain—his wife evidently never called herself by any other name than Cumbermede. Very likely she kept her marriage a secret, save from her own family, until the birth of my grandfather, which certainly took place before her husband's return. Indeed I am almost sure that he never returned from that campaign, but died fighting, not unlikely at the battle of Laffeldt; and that my grannie's letters, which I found in the same packet, had been, by the kindness of some comrade, restored to the young widow.

When I had finished reading the letters, and had again thrown myself back in the old chair, I began to wonder why nothing of all this should ever have been told me. That the whole history should have dropt out of the knowledge of the family, would have been natural enough, had my great-grandmother, as well as my great-grandfather, died in youth; but that she should have outlived her son, dying only after I, the representative of the fourth generation, was a boy at school, and yet no whisper have reached me of these facts, appeared strange. A moment's reflection showed me that the causes and the reasons of the fact must have lain with my uncle. I could not but remember how both he and my aunt had sought to prevent me from seeing my grannie alone, and how the last had complained of this in terms far more comprehensible to me now than they were then. But what could have been the reasons for this their obstruction of the natural flow of tradition? They remained wrapt in a mystery which the outburst from it of an occasional gleam of conjectural light only served to deepen.

The letters lying open on the table before me, my eyes rested upon one of the dates—the third day of March, 1747. It struck me that this date involved a discrepancy with that of the copy I had made from the register. I referred to it, and found my suspicion correct. According

to the copy, my ancestors were not married until the 15th of January, 1748. I must have made a blunder—and yet I could hardly believe I had, for I had reason to consider myself accurate. If there was no mistake, I should have to reconstruct my facts, and draw fresh conclusions.

By this time, however, I was getting tired and sleepy and cold; my lamp was nearly out; my fire was quite gone; and the first of a frosty dawn was beginning to break in the east. I rose and replaced the papers, reserving all further thought on the matter for a condition of circumstances more favourable to a correct judgment. I blew out the lamp, groped my way to bed in the dark, and was soon fast asleep, in despite of insult, mortification, perplexity, and loss.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

##### ONLY A LINK.

It may be said of the body in regard of sleep as well as in regard of death, "It is sown in weakness, it is raised in power." For me, the next morning, I could almost have said, "I was sown in dishonour and raised in glory." No one can deny the power of the wearied body to paralyze the soul; but I have a correlate theory which I love, and which I expect to find true—that, while the body wearies the mind, it is the mind that restores vigour to the body, and then, like the man who has built him a stately palace, rejoices to dwell in it. I believe that, if there be a living, conscious love at the heart of the universe, the mind, in the quiescence of its consciousness in sleep, comes into a less disturbed contact with its origin, the heart of the creation; whence gifted with calmness and strength for itself, it grows able to impart comfort and restoration to the weary frame. The cessation of labour affords but the necessary occasion; makes it possible, as it were, for the occupant of an outlying station in the wilderness to return to his father's house for fresh supplies of all that is needful for life and energy. The child-soul goes home at night, and returns in the morning to the labours of the school. Mere physical rest could never of its own negative self build up the frame in such light and vigour as come through sleep.

It was from no blessed vision that I woke the next morning, but from a deep and dreamless sleep. Yet the moment I became aware of myself and the world, I felt strong and courageous, and I began at

once to look my affairs in the face. Concerning that which was first in consequence, I soon satisfied myself: I could not see that I had committed any serious fault in the whole affair. I was not at all sure that a lie in defence of the innocent, and to prevent the knowledge of what no one had any right to know, was wrong — seeing such involves no injustice on the one side, and does justice on the other. I have seen reason since to change my mind, and count my liberty restricted to silence — not extending, that is, to the denial or assertion of what the will of God, inasmuch as it exists or does not exist, may have declared to be or not to be fact. I now think that to lie is, as it were, to snatch the reins out of God's hand.

At all events, however, I had done the Brothertons no wrong. "What matter then," I said to myself, "of what they believe me guilty, so long as before God and my own conscience I am clear and clean?"

Next came the practical part: — What was I to do? To right myself either in respect of their opinion or in respect of my lost property, was more hopeless than important, and I hardly wasted two thoughts upon that. But I could not remain where I was, and soon came to the resolution to go with Charley to London at once, and taking lodgings in some obscure recess near the inns of court, there to give myself to work and work alone, in the foolish hope that one day fame might buttress reputation. In this resolution I was more influenced by the desire to be near the brother of Mary Osborne, than the desire to be near my friend Charley, strong as that was: I expected thus to hear of her oftener, and even cherished the hope of coming to hear from her — of inducing her to honour me with a word or two of immediate communication. For I could see no reason why her opinions should prevent her from corresponding with one who, whatever might or might not seem to him true, yet cared for the truth, and must treat with respect every form in which he could deservy its predominating presence.

I would have asked Charley to set out with me that very day but for the desire to clear up the discrepancy between the date of my ancestor's letters, all written within the same year, and that of the copy I had made of the registration of their marriage — with which object I would compare the copy and the original. I wished also to have some talk with Mr.

Coningham concerning the contents of the letters which at his urgency I had now read. I got up and wrote to him therefore, asking him to ride with me again to Umberden Church, as soon as he could make it convenient, and sent Styles off at once on the mare to carry the note to Minstercombe and bring me back an answer.

As we sat over our breakfast, Charley said suddenly —

"Clara was regretting yesterday that she had not seen the Moat. She said you had asked her once, but had never spoken of it again."

"And now I suppose she thinks, because I'm in disgrace with her friends at the Hall, that she mustn't come near me," I said with another bitterness than belonged to the words.

"Wilfrid!" he said reproachfully: "She didn't say anything of the sort. I will write and ask her if she couldn't contrive to come over. She might meet us at the park gates."

"No," I returned; "there isn't time. I mean to go back to London — perhaps tomorrow evening. It is like turning you out, Charley, but we shall be nearer each other in town than we were last time."

"I am delighted to hear it," he said. "I had been thinking myself that I had better go back this evening. My father is expected home in a day or two, and it would be just like him to steal a march on my chambers. Yes, I think I shall go to night."

"Very well, old boy," I answered. "That will make it all right. It's a pity we couldn't take the journey together, but it doesn't matter much. I shall follow you as soon as I can."

"Why can't you go with me?" he asked.

Thereupon I gave him a full report of my excursion with Mr. Coningham, and the after reading of the letters, with my reason for wishing to examine the register again; telling him that I had asked Mr. Coningham to ride with me once more to Umberden Church.

When Styles returned, he informed me that Mr. Coningham at first proposed to ride back with him, but probably bethinking himself that another sixteen miles would be too much for my mare, had changed his mind and sent me the message that he would be with me early the next day.

After Charley was gone, I spent the evening in a thorough search of the old bureau. I found in it several quaint orna-

ments besides those already mentioned, but only one thing which any relation to my story, would justify specific mention of—namely an ivory label, discoloured with age, on which was traceable the very number Sir Giles had read from the scabbard of Sir Wilfrid's sword. Clearly then my sword was the one mentioned in the book, and as clearly it had not been at Moldwarp Hall for a long time before I lost it there. If I were in any fear as to my reader's acceptance of my story, I should rejoice in the possession of that label more than in the restoration of sword or book; but amidst all my troubles, I have as yet been able to rely upon her justice and her knowledge of myself. Yes

—I must mention one thing more I found—a long, sharp-pointed, straight-backed, snake-edged, Indian dagger, inlaid with silver—a fierce, dangerous, almost venomous looking weapon, in a curious case of old green morocco. It also may have once belonged to the armoury of Moldwarp Hall. I took it with me when I left my grannie's room, and laid it in the portmanteau I was going to take to London.

My only difficulty was what to do with Lilith; but I resolved for the meantime to leave her, as before, in the care of Styles, who seemed almost as fond of her as I was myself.

“ACTION OF HEAT ON GERM LIFE,” BY DR. CRACE CALVERT.—It has hitherto been assumed by the advocates of the theory of spontaneous generation that a temperature of 212° Fahr., or the boiling point of the fluid operated on, was sufficient to destroy all protoplasmic life. To determine this point experiments were made with solution of sugar, hay, infusion, solution of gelatine, and water that had been in contact with putrid meat. To carry out these experiments, the author prepared a series of small tubes, made of very thick well annealed glass, each tube about 4 centimetres in length, and having a bore of 5 millimetres. The fluid to be operated upon was introduced into them, and left exposed to the atmosphere for a sufficient length of time for germ life to be largely developed. Each tube was then hermetically sealed, and wrapped in wire gauze. They were then placed in an oil bath, and gradually heated to the required temperature, at which they were maintained for half an hour. The sugar solution was prepared by dissolving one part of sugar in ten parts of common water, and then exposed to the atmosphere all night, so that life might impregnate it, then placed in tubes and allowed to stand five days. Some of the tubes were kept without being heated, others heated to 200°, 300°, 400°, and 500°, Fahr. respectively. After being kept twenty-four days, the contents of the tubes were microscopically examined. In the solution not heated much life was seen, at 212° a great portion of the life had disappeared, at 300° the sugar was slightly charred but the life not entirely destroyed, while at 400° and 500° the sugar was almost entirely charred, and no trace of life observed. A small black vibrio observed resists the high temperature and all chemical solutions. The hay infusion was made by macerating hay in common water for one hour, filtering the liquor,

and leaving it exposed to the atmosphere all night, when it was sealed in the small tubes. The results were examined twenty-four days after being heated. In this case, as in the sugar solution, life was observed in the solutions heated to 200° and 300° Fahr., while in those heated to 400° and 500° Fahr. life was destroyed. In the solution not heated fungus matter was observed, while none appeared in any of the heated solutions. A solution of gelatine, of such strength that it remained liquid in cooling, was exposed to the atmosphere for twenty-four hours, and introduced into the small tubes, which were sealed and heated. The fluids were examined twenty-four days after being heated. The animalcules in this case were principally of a different class to those observed in the two preceding cases, and this class were injured at 100° Fahr.; at 212° a considerable diminution in the amount had taken place; whilst at 300° all life was destroyed. Water was placed in an open vessel, and a piece of meat suspended in it until it became putrid. This fluid was placed in the usual tubes, heated, and the contents examined after twenty-four days. In this case life was still observed at 300° Fahr., while at 400° it had disappeared. Parts of the putrid meat solutions that had been heated were mixed with albumen, to ascertain whether they still possessed the power of propagating life, the result being that up to 300° Fahr. life and its germs had not been destroyed, whilst at 400° they had. Putrid meat liquor was exposed for twenty hours to a temperature ranging from the freezing point to 17° below that point. Immediately after melting the ice the animalcules appeared languid and their power of locomotion was greatly decreased, but in two hours they appeared as energetic as before.



From The Cornhill Magazine.  
A MAHOMETAN REVIVAL.

MR. W. W. HUNTER, in his curious and interesting volume called *Our Indian Mussulmans; are they bound in conscience to rebel against the Queen?*—which, by the way, as written by the author of the *Annals of Rural Bengal*, scarcely requires the advertisement of its rather startling title—tells the story of what, under its religious aspect, must be called a Revival among the Mahometans of India. The movement has a very serious political aspect, which we will notice presently: but it is primarily and pre-eminently religious, and it has all the characteristics of the periodical outbursts of enthusiasm familiar to the sects of Protestant Christians which are least under sacerdotal influence. There are certain vague general resemblances between the great religions of India and the great divisions of Western Christianity. It would be offensive and unjust to find any strong similarity between Hindooism and Roman Catholicism; yet the Hindoo system is not so very unlike that debased Italian Christianity upon which Conyers Middleton fastened; there is the same inordinate ceremonialism, and the same unquestioning acceptance of the principle of vicarious mediation; and there are the same overwhelming proofs that the system has absorbed and assimilated to itself an older heathenism. The various local gods of the Hindoos are as obviously idols or fetishes of immemorial antiquity, taken up into the Hindoo religion by the simple expedient of calling them incarnations of Vishnu or Siva, as many of the local Italian saints are the Latin deities of the neighbourhood, each baptized with the name of a Christian martyr. Nor can it be denied that Mahometanism has an air of Puritan Christianity. The entire absence of a priesthood; the simple forms of worship; the deference to the letter of the sacred volume; and, we may add, the strained interpretations of it indulged in by preacher and commentator, are all points of resemblance which cannot be passed over. Most English visitors to an Eastern mosque are conscious of a queer impression that they have seen something like it at home. In the more splendid edifices of the kind the marble carved into delicate lace-work destroys all associations with Ebenezer or Bethel; but in humbler buildings the pulpit or reading-desk, the pavement divided into squares reserved to the several worshippers, the stern suppression of symbolic ornament, the sort of pew

which (as Captain Burton has noticed) the wealthy family of the neighbourhood is sometimes allowed to occupy, almost invariably give the feeling that one has strayed into a "place of worship" not very far from one's own parish church. Moreover, Mahometanism shares with the more popularly governed Protestant sects a liability to periodical revivals of religion. A time comes when all the historical glosses and interpretations which have incrustated the sacred text seem to break away, and when all the compromises by which the principles of the faith have been reconciled to existing facts, begin to excite repugnance or horror. An enthusiasm, almost invariably beginning with some one person, spreads like a contagion among believers; and it is nearly invariably an enthusiasm for restoring the simple literal rule as it appears in the text of the Sacred Book. The radical difference between Mahometanism and Christianity shows itself, not in the process of recurrence to first principles, which is much the same in both cases, but in the character of the principles which it is sought to apply in their integrity. This may be illustrated by the example of Quakerism, the most thorough and famous, and nearly the oldest of Protestant Christian revivals. The peculiar dress of the Quakers, and the fashions of speech for which they found imperative directions in the Bible, have no more interest than the interdiction of tobacco, which the Mahometan Revivalists see clearly written in certain texts of the Koran; but nothing can be more striking than the distinction between the great cardinal rule which the enthusiasts believed themselves in the two cases to have discovered in God's Word. However true it may have been that, as a matter of fact, Christianity was destined to bring into the world not peace, but a sword, nobody can wonder that the Quakers extracted from the text of the New Testament the principle of peace among men. It is quite as natural that the new Mahometan sect should have found among their authorities a positive exhortation to make war under certain circumstances. The absolute duty of sacred war—of what Sir Herbert Edwards taught Indian officials to call a Crescentade—is in fact the great article of the renovated Mahometan creed.

The contagious enthusiasm of religious revivals is almost always, as we have said, originally generated in some one individual. He is often a person whom it is nearly impossible to respect. It has been rather a trial to modern sentimental

admirers of Quakerism that its founder was unquestionably a very vulgar and illiterate fellow. Syud Ahmed, the originator of the Mahometan revival in India, appears to have been—and the contrast with Fox is significant—a very perfect specimen of the violent Oriental black-guard. "He began life," says Mr. Hunter, "as a horse-soldier in the service of a celebrated freebooter, who harried the rich opium-growing villages of Malwa;" but, when the trade of a bandit became dangerous and unprofitable, through the stern order which the great Sikh adventurer and chief, Runjeet Singh, imposed on his Mussulman neighbours, Syud Ahmed "suited himself to the times, gave up robbery, and, about 1816, went to study the sacred law under a doctor of high repute at Delhi." A reputation for devoutness is not, however, quite as easily obtained among Mahometans as in some Christian communities, and Syud Ahmed had to make a pilgrimage to Mecca—about as formidable an undertaking to a native of Upper India as can be well conceived. At Mecca he came under the influences which gave its singularity to his subsequent Indian career. The sacred city had been only lately recovered by the arms of Mehemet Ali of Egypt from the dominion of that strange sect of reformed Mahometans—the Wahabees—which had been formed a hundred years earlier by the preaching of Abdul Wahab of Nejd. Violently suppressed by a combined effort on the part of all orthodox Islams, they revived after a time sufficiently to form the little Arabian State which attracted so much interest a year or two since through the description of it given by Mr. Palgrave. Still more recently, the advances of this warlike power towards the principalities protected by the English on the Persian Gulf had to be carefully watched by the Indian Government, and at this very moment it is understood to be making a desperate resistance to the flower of the army which the Turkish Sultan has restored to efficiency through the money he has borrowed wholesale in Europe. The peculiar religious doctrines of the Wahabees must have lingered at Mecca when Syud Ahmed was there, for he came back to India not merely invested with the stately spiritual dignity of a returned Mahometan pilgrim, but animated with the fanaticism of a Wahabee propagandist. Immediately after his landing at Bombay he is said to have begun preaching on the special articles of the reformed faith. Among the most striking of these

tenets were a rejection of all mediatory agency between God and man, so absolute as even to exclude the mediation of Mahomet himself; a new and professedly more literal interpretation of the text of the Koran; the repudiation of the comparatively few ceremonies and observances which have grown up within the pale of Mahometanism, including the practice of erecting the beautiful tombs which charm the Eastern traveller; and a constant waiting and looking for the appearance of the new Prophet who is to lead the Faithful to victory. With these doctrines, which are made respectable to us by our own religious associations, the original Wahabees coupled a long string of childish and vexatious prohibitions. But, in the preaching of the Indian apostle, all the new opinions, respectable or ridiculous, were practically subordinated to one great article of belief. This was the imperative duty of sacred war against infidel rulers. Nearly all India was under the government of Christians or Hindoos. Of the mighty Mahometan empire, which had once covered the whole country with its shadow, only two considerable fragments remained,—the state governed by the prince called the Nizam in the south, and the kingdom of Oudh in the north, the latter ruled, indeed, by a Mahometan sovereign, but a sovereign who belonged to an heretical sect. No assumption is more distinctly made by the original records of Islam than that, wherever there are Mahometans, they govern the country. There are plenty of texts to regulate the relations between Mahometan rulers and unbelieving subjects; none whatever to define the duty of Mahometan subjects towards an infidel government. A reformer who sought to revive the principles of Mahomet's tendency in their primitive purity, had his attention fixed by the necessity of the case on the great anomaly before his eyes. Mahometans were obeying Christians and Hindoos, and holding their religious privileges by the unholy tenure of infidel toleration or favour. This was the crying sin and shame which Syud Ahmed and his followers set themselves to denounce. The teaching of the Wahabee missionaries in India came thus to consist in placing an alternative before the faithful—either fight or emigrate. The literal duty of fighting may sometimes be postponed by paying tithes out of your substance to support armies which are being levied for sacred war; but, if you cannot subscribe, you must send your sons to the camp. Mr. Hunter quotes from Wahabee composi-

tions some remarkable passages setting forth the alternative blessings of war or emigration. "Holy war"—it is written in one of these—"sends copious showers at seasonable times, abundant supplies of vegetable produce, good times, so that people are void of care and free from calamities, whilst their property increases in value and there is an increase in the number of learned men, the justness of judges, the conscientiousness of suitors, and the liberality of the rich. These blessings, increased a hundred-fold, are granted when the dignity of the Mahometan religion is upheld, and Mahometan kings, possessing powerful armies, become exalted and promulgate and enforce the Mahometan law in all countries." If, therefore, the Holy War succeeds, there will be more famines in India, no more judicial corruption, no more fraudulent or unjust litigation. The spiritual advantages of the other branch of the alternative—emigration to an orthodox country—are illustrated by a striking apologue which Mr. Hunter gives at length. An Israelite, after committing the most awful crimes, was warned by a holy man that his lot would be eternal punishment unless he sincerely repented and departed from the land of the infidel. He began his journey, but did not live to complete it, and the Angels of Mercy and Punishment had a contest for his soul. The point in dispute between them was decided by actual measurement. It was found that one foot of the penitent Israelite had crossed the boundary of a kingdom of Islam; and so the dead man was saved.

A good many obscure local disturbances which took place in British India, and particularly in the North-Eastern Provinces, between 1820 and 1850, have now been clearly traced to Wahabee agitation and propaganda, but it was not the British Indian Empire which had to bear the first serious shock from the new religious movement. The system of states united in a compact despotic monarchy by Runjeet Singh were the first object of Syud Ahmed's aggressions. Here, if anywhere, the Mahometans had what, with our ideas, we should call a real grievance. The Sikhs, a body of Hindoo sectaries, had imbibed a stern fanaticism of their own from religious reform, and they dealt out to the Mahometans who dwelt among them pretty much the same treatment which Hindoos had occasionally received in Mahometan states under specially bigoted sovereigns. The Call to Prayer was forbidden, the killing of cows was severely

punished. The Mahometans of the Punjab have indeed at this hour the peculiar submissive look of a long-oppressed and down-trodden community. Partly in order to have a base for his operations against the great Sikh chief, and partly, doubtless, to give a point and meaning to the exhortations of his Indian emissaries on the subject of emigration to the territory of Islam, the Prophet fixed his residence among the mountaineers of the hills on the western side of the Indus. The descriptions of the Scottish Highlanders in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which we owe to the genius of Macaulay and Walter Scott, would be absolutely true of these wild Pathan tribes, but for one great feature of difference. Their religion always sat very lightly on the Highlandmen: the tribes of the trans-Indus mountains are furiously bigoted to Mahometanism. This zeal for religion does little to heal the "blood-feuds" of the Pathan clans, the state of permanent inter-tribal warfare which they have inherited from quarrels and jealousies of immemorial date; but, for the purpose of combining them against a common infidel enemy, it may be turned into a temporary bond of union far stronger than the common devotion to the House of Stuart or common hatred of the House of Argyll, which, from time to time, animated the great Highland confederacies. The new Prophet inflamed the tribes to madness by his preaching. "Their avarice," says Mr. Hunter, "was enlisted by splendid promises of plunder; their religion by the assurance that he was divinely commissioned to extirpate the whole infidel world, from the Sikhs even unto the Chinese." Some of the raids which he organized into the dominions of Runjeet Singh, which lay below the mountains, assumed the proportions of military expeditions, and on one occasion he even captured Peshawur, the western capital of the Sikh prince. On the whole, however, the advantage remained with the stubborn and warlike race whom Syud Ahmed was attacking, disciplined as they now were by European military adventurers in the pay of Runjeet Singh. The Prophet was surprised by the Sikhs in 1831, and killed in battle. But the succession to his office continued. One of his lieutenants, with signal ingenuity, turned to his own purposes both the fanaticism and the quarrelsomeness of the North-Western hill tribes. He acquired their veneration as a hermit and ascetic, and obtained from them a grant of lands which were to be neutral

ground for ever, whither the man with the avenger of blood behind him might always flee for refuge. Here was founded Sitana, the fanatical colony, famous in the recent military history of India. Long before the British Government came into direct conflict with the fanatics through the annexation of the Punjab, much of their activity and occasional success would have been unintelligible, but for the influences which radiated backwards and forwards between British India and this settlement. The emissaries of the Prophet had in fact organized a system of religious and rebellious propagandism among the Mahometans of the richest and most populous provinces of the British Indian Empire. Money was constantly flowing from our dominions to Sitana, and, unless fed by money, the fanaticism of the mountaineers is a flame which blazes and burns out. The more ardent or poorer devotees of the Wahabee cause went themselves or sent their sons to the sacred settlement. The subscription of money was only a temporary compromise allowed until the actual Jihad or Holy War should break out, but emigration to a land of Islam was an alternative clearly permitted by the Prophet, and Sitana belonged pre-eminently to Islam. The soldiers of the faith thus recruited were by no means of the best military material which India affords; it is somewhat singular that the Wahabee fanaticism prevails nearly exclusively among the least warlike races of the country. But the emigrants had their whole heart in the cause; for it they were capable of the utmost self-denial; and thus they formed a nucleus of association peculiarly valuable when the bulk of the confederacy had to consist of fickle and avaricious Pathan highlanders.

The British conquest of the Punjab, provoked by the wanton aggression of the Sikh captains, brought the Indian Government face to face with the fanatics of Sitana and their allies. The mountaineers of the North-Western hills became our next-door neighbours. If the special Wahabee hatred of infidel rulers depended in any way on such grievances as civilized men can recognize (and our sole complaint against Mr. Hunter is that he sometimes seems to assume a real connection between the two), the hostility of the fanatics ought to have been signally moderated by the policy now pursued in the territories close to them. The new governors of the Punjab began to treat the Mahometans on precisely the same footing as the Sikhs. The Call to Prayer

was again heard, and the killing of the cow for beef, a privilege valued by Mahometans in proportion to its odiousness in the eyes of their Hindoo fellow-countrymen, was again permitted. Even as we write, the news comes to England that the British authorities in the Punjab have just had to suppress a sanguinary riot in the great commercial city of Umritsur, arising out of an attack of the Sikh populace on the shops of the hateful Mahometan butchers. Yet the colony at Sitana has stirred up just as many coalitions of the tribes against our power as ever it did against our oppressive Sikh predecessors. It would be hardly exaggeration to say that we have been at perpetual war with these mountaineers ever since our conquest. At least two regular campaigns have been undertaken against them, of which the story is very clearly and vividly told in the volume before us. One of them, still remembered as the Umbeylea campaign, very nearly ended in a serious disaster. It was ill-planned, though probably the mistakes of conception were unavoidable, so imperfect is our knowledge of the marvellously difficult country occupied by the clans, and so hard is it to judge at any given time what amount of combination among the tribes is at the back of a particular movement. The troops were completely brought to a check in a most dangerous position, and still more unfortunately the difficulty occurred just when the Indian Government was partially dislocated by the sudden death of the Viceroy, Lord Elgin. But a few days of hesitation were followed by a vigorous advance, a panic spread among the confederates, and they finally agreed to expel the fanatics and dismantle Sitana. This occurred in 1863, but again in 1868 a large force had to occupy the Black Mountain, a fragment of the same highland country which lies on the east bank of the Indus, and the troops, who practically met on this occasion with no resistance, were able just before they retired to catch a sight of the fanatical emigrants moving on the opposite bank of the great river. Mr. Hunter sums up the force which has had on various occasions to move out against the fanatics and their allies. The aggregate is very considerable, though it is a little dwarfed by the enormous totals to which the latest European wars have accustomed us. If indeed we were to count the cost in money, the result would fairly bear comparison with the military expenditure of European powers. All war and all waiting for war

are in India enormously expensive, and, putting the cost of suppressing the Sepoy Mutiny aside, the great cause of military outlay has of late years been the control of the North-Western frontier. In fact, when we speak of the military occupation of India we mean in reality the military occupation of the parts of the Punjab adjacent to this boundary. Here the great bulk of our troops are collected. Here alone in India the soldier finds excitement to vary the dull monotony of peace. Here is the school in which some of the best of our military officers have been trained, Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Sandhurst, Sir Sidney Cotton, and Sir Neville Chamberlain; and here Lord Lawrence acquired his rare aptitude for the civil side of military administration. The truth is, that India is in very much the same state in which Great Britain would be if the Highlands had remained to our day without change since the years before 1745. To complete the parallel, however, we must suppose the Highlanders to be animated with all the devotion to Rome and all the detestation of Protestantism which characterize the Celts of Ireland, and we must conceive trials of Jacobites for treason to be still occurring, and Jacobite squires in the south of England to be constantly remitting subsidies to a Papal legate somewhere in the Grampians for the use of the Camerons, the Frasers, or the Macgregors. Mr. Hunter devotes a great deal of his space to a description of the mechanism of conspiracy organized for almost half a century in North-Eastern India, and he illustrates it very completely by comparing it to the Fenian distribution of functions between Head-Centres, and District-Centres in the United States. Patna, in Behar, has been to the Wahabee fanatics what New York has been to the Fenians, and the various local depositaries of the secret are now known to have corresponded with one another, with their chiefs, and with the exiles at Sitana in a sort of ciphered language, borrowed from the ordinary transactions of Indian trade. In their letters and messages, a battle became a "law-suit," God was the "Law-agent;" remittances for Sitana in gold mohurs were spoken of as rosaries of red beads, and remittances in money as the price of books and merchandise; drafts or money orders became white stones, the amount being intimated by the number of white beads on a rosary. During the last few years, the Indian Government has more and more got its eye and hand on these subaltern intrigues; nor, in our opinion, is

there the least ground for misgiving as to its power of protecting itself against them. The one great danger to the British Indian Empire is ignorance of facts; once alive to these, its rulers are much too ably and energetically served for any conspiracy to have appreciable chances of success. We must own with some shame that the chief difficulties of the Indian Government in dealing with the Wahabee movement have been created by Englishmen. On the whole, it has treated the detected conspirators with singular leniency. Only two of them have been brought to trial, and the one last prosecuted would probably never have been tried at all but for an outcry got up among the Englishmen of Calcutta against the proceedings in his case. The man, a rich Mahometan, who owed his fortune to the English Government, but was afterwards shown to have been all his life a centre of conspiracy against it, was arrested in Calcutta, and detained near it in honourable custody under some special powers conferred by law on the Governor-General, which seem to us a marvel of moderation and considerateness by the side of those given to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the Westmeath and Peace Preservation Acts. Nobody, however, who knows what Englishmen are all over the world can wonder that a writ of Habeas Corpus was moved for in the local tribunal, or that it should have been argued that the British Constitution had been violated by the confinement of an Oriental fanatic debauched by religious principles imparted from Central Arabia. Still, it might have been at least expected that, in a country in which to be vituperated is to be weak, the advocates for this Wahabee sectary would refrain from speaking of the Government which represented the British race in language about equally coloured with animosity and contempt. Nobody, however, profited less by these proceedings than the Mahometan conspirator himself. The Indian Government appears to have felt itself compelled to bring him to regular trial; he was convicted the other day on the clearest evidence and sentenced to transportation for life.

The Indian Mahometans have recently had their numbers increased to some extent by successful proselytism in Eastern Bengal, but they are undoubtedly, on the whole, a sinking and decaying community. Nobody who knows what their government of India was can regret it, or regret that our own Government, which has succeeded it, is, in the main, a government in



the interest of the Hindoos, or, in other words, of the enormous majority of the population. Still, among thirty millions of men, which is the total roughly assigned to the Mahometans of India, there will be great numbers too sensible, too comfortable, or too timid to be ready to engage in a vulgar, fanatical, and now very dangerous, conspiracy. This is the class of Indian Mahometans on whose behalf Mr. Hunter asks, on his title-page, the question, "Are they bound in conscience to rebel against the Queen?" The exhortations and denunciations of the Wahabee missionaries have caused them a discomfort which we, with our Western ideas, have the greatest difficulty in understanding. For the most part, we receive with the utmost equanimity the imputation of theological or political error. That men of the same race, country and religion as ourselves should consider us to be in the wrong on a number of vital points, we take to be a matter of course, and we are generally ready to let them keep their opinions, leaving to us our own; but, on the principles of Mahometan faith, there is no distinction between secular and religious life, between orthodoxy on the one hand, and good manners and good morals on the other. If a professed Mahometan, carrying about him the evidences of earnestness and devotion, tells another Mahometan that he is dishonouring the Prophet and the Book because he abstains from overt acts of treason, the charge cannot be met with mere ridicule or contempt—it most probably rankles in the conscience, and causes the acutest suffering. The well-to-do landowner or banker, the easy-going Government official, feels that he has no vocation for conspiracy; yet to be told that he is a heretic gives him a strong sensation of losing respectability, even if it does not raise those terrible fears of future punishment, which torment all Orientals to whom a hell is an article of faith. If we can suppose a proud and devout Protestant of Ulster charged by a co-religionist with some strange heresy just after the disestablishment of the Irish Church, we shall have a feeble notion of the disgust caused to the great majority of Mahometans by the upbraidings of the Wahabees. The classes, therefore, among them who are well-affected to the British Government, or who despair of overturning it, have spared no pains to obtain an authoritative condemnation of the Wahabee doctrine. Since Mahometanism has neither priesthood nor presbytery, it is not quite easy to understand at first sight

how the disputed points are to be decided; but the complete identification of religious with secular rule under the Mahometan theory carries with it the remarkable consequence that a Mahometan may obtain an opinion on a case of conscience bearing a very close analogy to the opinion of counsel in England on a question of law. Certain doctors of mixed law and theology are placed, by the general consent of Mahometans, on very much the same eminent footing as certain barristers in this country; and the Mussulman who has got an opinion from them may act on it with as much confidence as an Englishman on the opinion of Sir Roundell Palmer or Sir John Coleridge. A variety of these opinions have been obtained by the well-affected Mahometans in India; and it is satisfactory to find that, though Mr. Hunter raises objections to some of them which we will afterwards mention, they have, on the whole, given comfort and consolation to the persons who sought them. We will quote from Mr. Hunter's Appendix two curious examples of cases stated to great Mahometan authorities, followed by their opinions on the cases. In order to comprehend them it must be understood that, in the view of religious Mahometans, the whole world is distributed into Kingdoms of the Faithful and Kingdoms of the Enemy, and that the first proposition with which the Wahabees start is that India, after having been a Kingdom of the Faithful, has, by passing under the rule of Christians and Hindoos, become a Kingdom of the Enemy. The first of these documents contains the question put to the law doctors at Mecca, the heads of the three great Mahometan sects, and their joint reply:—

"Q. What is your opinion (may your greatness continue for ever) on the question, Whether the country of Hindostan—the rulers of which are Christians, and who do not interfere with all the injunctions of Islam, such as the ordinary daily prayers, the prayers of the two I'ds, etc.; but do authorize departure from a few of the injunctions of Islam, such as the permission to inherit the property of his Mahometan ancestor to one who changes his religion (being that of his ancestors) and becomes a Christian—is Dar-ul-Islam or not? Answer the above, for which God will reward you."

"A. All praises are due to the Almighty, who is the Lord of all the Creation.

"O Almighty, increase my knowledge!

"As long as even some of the peculiar observances of Islam prevail in it, it is Dar-ul-Islam.

"The Almighty is Omniscient, Pure and High!

"This is the order passed by one who hopes for the secret favour of the Almighty, who praises God, and prays for blessings and peace on his Prophet.

"JAMAL, IBN-I-ABDALLAH SHEIKH UMAR-UL-HANAFI,

"The present Mufti of Mecca, the Honoured.

"May God favour him and his father."

We omit two other answers to the same effect. The second case was laid before the law doctors of Northern India:

"What is your decision, O men of learning and expounders of the law of Islam, in the following?—

"Whether a Jihad (or religious rising) is lawful in India, a country formerly held by a Mahometan ruler, and now held under the sway of a Christian Government, where the said Christian ruler does in no way interfere with his Mahometan subjects in the rites prescribed by their religion, such as praying, fasting, pilgrimage, zakut, family prayer and jama'at, and gives them the fullest protection and liberty in the above respects, in the same way that a Mahometan ruler would do, and where the Mahometan subjects have no strength and means to fight with their rulers; on the contrary, there is every chance of the war, if waged, ending with a defeat, and thereby causing an indignity to Islam."

"*Fatwah dated 17th Rabeeoossanee, year 1287 of the Hedjira (17th July, 1870).*"

"The Mussulmans here are protected by Christians, and there is no Jihad in a country where protection is afforded, as the absence of protection and liberty between Mussulmans and Infidels is essential to a religious war, and that condition does not exist here. Besides, it is necessary that there should be a probability of victory to the Mussulmans and glory to Islam. If there be no such probability, the Jihad is unlawful."

Mr. Hunter is not equally satisfied with these decisions. He points out that the Mecca opinion, while it declares that India has not ceased to be a kingdom of the Faithful, refrains from negating the duty of religious rebellion. The answer, however, seems to be that the doctors of the law consulted stuck, like lawyers, to their point. They were not asked for an opinion on the duty of religious war. The law doctors of Northern India, on the other hand, are considered by Mr. Hunter to agree impliedly with the Wahabees, that India has become a country of the Enemy; but, unlike the Wahabees, they affirm rebellion to be unlawful unless it is sure to

succeed. Mr. Hunter holds this last doctrine to be the safer of the two, from the English point of view. His argument appears to be that, if India be a kingdom of Islam, the extreme duties of the Mahometan code will always be more or less incumbent on all the faithful in that country; whereas, if India has become a country of the Enemy, its condition need no more trouble the conscience of believers all over the world than the condition of Greece. We should be inclined ourselves to draw the exactly opposite conclusion; but it would be idle for us to assign our reasons. Time is never more completely wasted than by ingenious persons who, though not believing in a particular faith, attempt to dictate, to those who do believe, the courses of reasoning they should follow. If the well-disposed Mahometans in India are comforted by opinions which, on being subjected to the analysis of an Englishman, appear to involve contradictions, the fact that they derive consolation ought nevertheless, we think, to be sufficient. It is no new phenomenon in the history of religion that sects should reach the same conclusion from irreconcilable premises; particularly if the conclusion is a welcome one. No religious theories can be more hopelessly contradictory than those of the Christian Calvinists and of the Christian Arminians, than the doctrine of universal reprobation and the doctrine of universal or qualified acceptance; yet, if some dangerous opinion or principle, akin perhaps to those of the Anabaptists, were suddenly to take its rise among the English Dissenters, it would be ungrateful to criticize the grounds on which the Wesleyans and the Congregationalists alike condemned it. For our part, we can quite understand how it is that both the decisions balanced against one another by Mr. Hunter, are deemed satisfactory by the Indian Mahometans. If India has become a country of the Enemy, the conclusion is immediately drawn that the overwhelming strength of the British Government does away with the obligation of rebellion. If India is still a kingdom of the Faithful, the leading proposition of the Wahabees is directly negated, and the issue they have themselves tendered is decided against them. Mr. Hunter's great interest in his subject seems to us to make him every now and then more Mahometan than the Mahometans. The reader who follows his earnest argumentation on the opinions from Mecca and Northern India is occasionally surprised that an accomplished European gentleman, without a particle of faith in

the Koran, should think it worth while to assign all sorts of reasons for his inability to concur in a conclusion which has admittedly brought comfort to large numbers of sincere Mahometans.

The discontent of a great religious community seems at first sight to Englishmen a phenomenon with which they are exceedingly familiar. The bulk of the Mahometans, if they look upon the British Government of India with no great affection, are, nevertheless, inclined to acquiesce in it, provided only they are let alone by a small knot of "irreconcilable" agitators. The parallel seems complete, and Englishmen are at once led by their practical instinct to ask what is the "message of peace" which can be sent to the Mahometans. How can the agitators be disarmed? What are the real grievances of the Mahometans? are they remediable? and how? We are afraid it must be answered that the experience of Englishmen is here at fault. In the first place, the Mahometans are not, like the Irish Roman Catholics, a majority of the people. Almost all Indian statistics of population are worthless; only the other day it was publicly stated in the Legislative Council of Lower Bengal that the Lieutenant-Governor of that province did not know within ten millions what number of persons were under his administration. The figures, however, which are usually given, assign to the Mahometans of India thirty millions of souls, and to the Hindoos not less than a hundred and fifty millions. The people of India consists, therefore, practically of Hindoos, who, without possibly any very warm loyalty to the British Empire, have, nevertheless, accepted it for good or for evil, and who unreservedly acknowledge that their present Government is much the best they have ever had. Under such circumstances, all that the English rulers of the country can manifestly do, is to observe strict impartiality between the sections of the population, to secure to all equal civil rights, and to hold itself aloof from the religious organization of all, and from their religious concerns. Unfortunately, it is exactly this policy of indifference and non-intervention which constitutes the general grievance of the Mahometans. Their complaints are not those of the Irish Roman Catholic majority; they are those of the Protestant minority, with the singular difference, however, that the Mahometans have no historical claim on the consideration of the English, and, so far from affecting to form the bulwark of their empire, openly

admit it to be a religious duty to overthrow it whenever they can. They consider it the bitterest of wrongs to be placed on an equality with Hindoos. "Hindooism," says Mr. Hunter, who, as a modified philo-Mahometan, feels himself compelled to express his dissent from the opinion, "is, to the Mahometans, the mystery of abominations, a system of devil-worship and idolatry unbroken by a single gleam of the knowledge of the One God." In this spirit, the Mahometans resent the principle of what is called "disestablishment" as applied to themselves; although in their case it is not coupled with disendowment. Though they are bound by their religion to desire the destruction of our Government, they nevertheless profess to be unable to do without its help in their religious affairs. Such a state of feeling and opinion puts almost insuperable difficulties in the way of the redress of grievances by the British Government, fettered as it is by moral restrictions growing out of the civilization from which it has issued. Mr. Hunter, indeed, has convinced himself that the Mahometans of India have two specific grounds of reasonable complaint, and is more doubtfully persuaded that they have a third. We are sorry to say that his examples of genuine grievances seem to us to do little more than illustrate the difficulties of Indian government. It would certainly be possible to apply a remedy to the first and smallest of them, but the process would amount to an equivocal and retrograde step. Another of them cannot possibly be touched without the grossest injustice to the Hindoos, and the redress of the third would, in our judgment, be a grave injury to the Mahometans themselves.

The first wrong which the Mahometans are alleged by Mr. Hunter to have suffered, suggests some singular reflections. The Indian Government has, for nearly ten years, ceased to appoint certain functionaries called Kazees. There is no priesthood for Islam, but, as we have more than once observed, there is no distinction between religious and secular law, and these Kazees, the "depositaries and administrators of the domestic law of Islam," as Mr. Hunter calls them, discharge duties for Mahometans closely akin to priestly offices. For many years the Government kept in its hands the appointment of the Kazees, just as it provided for the maintenance and services of certain Hindoo temples. But, after the suppression of the Sepoy Mutiny, the cry arose in England that the English

in India were "ashamed of their Christianity." In deference to the feeling which at that time animated every English newspaper and almost every sermon, the Indian Government, at the same time that it promised, through a proclamation issued in the name of the Queen, scrupulously to respect the usages and customs of the natives, adopted a series of measures intended to sever the modified connection it had hitherto maintained with the native religions. In pursuance of this policy, it caused the endowments of Hindoo temples, which had hitherto been retained in its treasuries or administered by its officers, to be transferred to native trustees, and it discontinued the appointment of Mahometan Kazees. The Hindoos have repeatedly protested against the first measure, on the ground that they have no confidence in trustees of their own religion; but the Mahometans, according to Mr. Hunter, object to the second for a much more remarkable reason. They declare that their own religious theory requires the Kazees to be appointed, not by themselves, but by the Government. This view, if it be a sound one, can only be explained by the fundamental assumption of Mahometan theology, that all Mahometans live under Mahometan sovereigns; but no more paradoxical position can be conceived than that in which it places the existing Indian Government. It does not believe in the Koran, and its Mahometan subjects are perplexed with the question whether loyalty to it does not savour of sin; yet these last are said to declare that they have no religious organization of their own which can supply them with Kazees, and to make it a grievance that these semi-religious officers are no longer appointed by their infidel rulers. The measure of 1863 can doubtless be reversed, if only the English religious world will avert its eyes and hold its tongue; and from the purely political point of view, it will be a very simple matter to resume the nomination of Kazees. Yet we should like to be informed on a point on which we gather little from Mr. Hunter's pages. Will the resumption touch the real grievance? We have a strong suspicion that what a certain class of Mahometans resent is the practice, now universal with the Indian courts of justice, of going for themselves to the actual sources of Hindoo and Mahometan jurisprudence, instead of consulting certain persons who used, so to speak, to be official depositaries of native law. But to revert to the old fashion of taking the law from law officers would be

to oppress the litigant and to remove one great security against corruption. The whole native public believe these functionaries to be open to bribes, and even if the opinion were unjust, the constructions of law which the courts were bound, under the old system, to accept, were in the highest degree unintelligent. A great part of the Mahometan law of succession, as interpreted by official expositors, was neither more nor less than an elaborate mystification of a simple arithmetical problem.

The next grievance of the India Mahometans noticed by Mr. Hunter is, according to English ideas, at once extremely natural and nearly irremediable. They are being superseded by the Hindoos in the ranks of the public service. The Mahometan sovereigns, to whom the English have succeeded, occasionally employed Hindoo Ministers, out of regard to their wonderful dexterity in squeezing their own countrymen and co-religionists, but the great bulk of the functionaries employed in carrying out an elaborate administrative system were naturally Mahometans. Nearly all the highest posts in the Indian public service are now occupied by Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen; but a multitude of minor offices have natives of the country for their incumbents, and from these the Mahometans are being gradually, but completely, expelled by the Hindoos. It does not, by any means, seem to the Mahometans a great or unnatural injury that they should be kept out of the higher grades of employment by men of the conquering race; and, indeed, if Englishmen abandoned the largest part of the offices which they now occupy to natives of India, the gain, under the English system of appointment, would be not with the Mahometans, but with the Hindoos. The wrong bitterly resented by the Mahometan malcontents is the promotion over their heads of vile infidels, whose religion (to repeat Mr. Hunter's energetic phrase) is a "mystery of abomination;" who were always somebody's slaves, and who, less than a century ago, were the slaves of the faithful. Yet the causes of the substitution of Hindoos for Mahometans have only to be stated, and it will be seen to be inevitable. In the first place, the Hindoos vastly outnumber the Mahometans; in a fair competition, more public servants will be chosen out of 150 millions of men than out of thirty millions. Again, the Hindoos are greedily absorbing the new Western knowledge which the English have introduced, and therefore for a gov-

ernment of the Western type, they are far more efficient servants. The Mahometans, on the other hand, stand almost wholly aloof from the English schools and colleges. Mr. Hunter analyzes at much length, and with no small sympathy, the causes of their distaste for education on Western principles; yet there is reason to believe that the feeling which is strongest with them is less dislike for the new learning than reluctance to shake themselves free from the vast burden of the old. "How can we possibly compete with the Hindoos?" said a highly-placed Mahometan functionary to a friend of ours. "If we would be thought gentlemen, we must speak and write Persian; if we would be considered religious men, we must read Arabic; for purposes of communication with the greatest part of our Indian co-religionists, we must write and speak Hindustani; if we would converse with our wives, we must talk Bengali; for purposes of business, we must at least know some English. But these Hindoos continue to speak unblushingly the patois of the district in which they were born, and the whole of their mind and of their energies they give to your language, your science, and your literature. How can we, staggering under the weight of all these languages, and of all the religious and secular learning which goes with them, have the smallest chance of winning in a race in which success comes by knowledge of English, or at least by sympathy with English ideas?" We believe this to be a substantially true account of the Mahometan difficulties, and they result from the democratic character of Mahometanism. Hindooism, too, has at its back a difficult classical language, and a vast mass of false science and useless learning; but the burden weighs on a priestly aristocracy, and not on the multitude, which is left to imbibe what knowledge it pleases. A Hindoo of one of the lower castes commits a deadly sin if he reads the Vedas; but every Mahometan ought in strictness to know more or less of the Koran, and the whole community of the faithful is encouraged by every influence to master as much as possible of the law, literature, and philosophy of Mahometanism.

There is much to command sympathy in Mr. Hunter's complaints of the indirect discouragement by the British Government of the learning so dear to its Mahometan subjects. Yet we must, in fairness, recollect that this grievance of the Mahometans is not consistent with the

other; and that, if the Mahometans are elbowed out of the public service, it would be a singular remedy to give them more of the learning which keeps them out of it. If they were a majority of the natives of India, there might be strong reason for dealing tenderly with their prejudices; but they are a minority: and it would be grossly unjust to let the skill in Persian poetry and Arabian theology, which they love to cultivate, be counted as a qualification for the public service equivalent to the positive knowledge of the Hindoos. It must further be remembered that these are, after all, the grievances of only a small fraction of the Mahometans — the lettered and learned class, with whom the writer of the volume before us may be supposed to have principally associated. If they were redressed to the utmost, the Wahabee would still preach as actively as ever; for, in truth, the fibre which most promptly responds to the pernicious exhortations of these fanatics lies deep in a very different part of the body social of India. We have ourselves no doubt that the true grievance to which the Wahabee preachers address themselves with advantage is neither educational nor official, but agrarian. We, too, like Mr. Hunter, have seen Wahabee documents and notes of Wahabee sermons. They, of course, contained much which Mr. Hunter has found in them; but they contained something else, on which he places comparatively slight stress. They certainly spoke of the danger and dishonour of living under an infidel government. They called for a sacred war, and predicted its success. The "kingdom of Heaven is at hand," they said; but then they added, "in that kingdom there will be neither landlord nor tenant." That strange blunder, the Cornwallis settlement of Bengal, which placed a peasantry with ancient rights under an extemporized landed proprietary, is the real root of this dangerous movement. The Wahabees have their chief success in Eastern Bengal, simply through the accidental circumstance that in Eastern Bengal a Mahometan peasantry is at the mercy of Hindoo landlords. This is not the proper place for discussing one of the most difficult of Indian problems; but it is important to observe that the only serious grievance of the Mahometans has no special nor distinctive character, but is shared by a multitude of Hindoos.

The author of *Village Communities in the East and West* has recently said, "When we have to some extent succeeded in free-



ing ourselves from that limited conception of the world and mankind, beyond which the most civilized societies and (I will add) some of the greatest thinkers do not always rise; when we gain something like an adequate idea of the vastness and variety of the phenomena of human society; when, in particular, we have learned not to exclude from our view of earth and man those great and unexplored regions which we vaguely term the East: we find it to be not wholly a conceit or a paradox to say that the distinction between the Present and the Past disappears. Sometimes the Past is the Present." Those who can read under the lines of Mr. Hunter's wonderfully-interesting pages may see, if they please, the European life of many different centuries flowing on in one and the same current. Once again, the stalwart barbarians of a hungry country treat the rich lands of their civilized neighbours as their natural prey; once more the wondering devotee exhorts to the Crusade, and rebukes princes for their godless sloth; again the Highland chiefs meet in conclave, compromise an infinity of disputes and rivalries, and burst at last upon the plains below; Rob Roy alternately musters his men on their native hills, and slinks in disguise through the Lowland cities; comfortable Jacobite gentlemen get tired of conspiracy, and seek excuses for making their peace with Government; Wesley and Whitfield preach to excited multitudes; the detective of the day outdoes the exploits attributed to him in the latest sensational novel. In the midst, the British Government keeps the peace, administers justice with a purity rare in the West and absolutely foreign to the East, legislates on the principles of Bentham, and main-

tains neutrality between rival religions with something like the tolerant disdain of a Roman Proconsul. No book illustrates more vividly than that before us the difficulties of that most extraordinary of experiments, the British Empire in India. So far as they here appear, they may be summed up in the remark that the Anglo-Indian Government is bound, by the moral conditions of its existence, to apply the modern principle of equality, in all its various forms, to the people of India—equality between religions, equality between races, equality between individuals in the eye of the law. But it has to make this application among a collection of men (a community they can hardly be called) to whom the very idea of equality is unknown or hateful. All Mahometans are, indeed, equal theoretically among themselves, but their equality has for its indispensable basis the absolute subjection of everybody else. What Hindoos think of equality among men will best be gathered from an anecdote. A Brahmin lawyer in great practice was a year or two ago seeking to establish himself in the good graces of an Anglo-Indian functionary by enlarging on the value of Bentham's philosophy, in so far as it placed the standard of law and morals in the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The Englishman expressed some surprise that the principle should be so much applauded in a country like India. "No doubt," rejoined the high-caste Hindoo, after a glance round the room to assure himself that nobody was within earshot—"No doubt it is one difficulty that, according to my religion, a Brahmin is entitled to exactly five-and-twenty times as much happiness as anybody else!"

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LITERATURE APPRAISED. —The great body of philosophers, poets, and novelists of the day will be interested in the following information concerning the future of their works. It is written in a "new and corrected" edition of the *Appraisers' Pocket Assistant*, and runs thus:—"It may be said that the common run of books of which ordinary house libraries consist, such as novels, annuals, magazines, poetry, travels, adventure, divinity, history, and educational works, after a few years' use, are worth but little more than their value as waste-

paper, which is sufficiently shown by the results of general sales. As regards the common class of books here alluded to, if in fair average condition, they will be found to range as follows:—Small books, 32mo, and 16mo, and 12mo, per vol., from 2d. to 8d.; octavos, in general, from 8d. to 1s.; large-sized sup., 1s. to 2s. 6d. Quartos and folios, according to subject and condition, from 2s. to 8s. or 10s. Portfolios of prints, &c., according to number and quality, from £1 to £2.

Fall Mall Gazette.

## CHAPTER LIII.

## PARTED.

"ARE you in earnest?" said Paul, but the look he gave his wife asked a much more severe question.

For a moment Nuna felt as if she had acted guiltily in going to Park Lane without asking leave of her husband.

On the whole, she had come home happier than when she went out. She had been taken away from herself and her own sorrow, by sympathy for Roger; and then by the undefinable interest with which Patty managed always to inspire those who approached her, an interest mingled just now in Nuna with a sort of heroic pity, which carried her for the time, as this kind of heroism is apt to do, far above dislike or jealousy.

"Poor thing! one must feel for her; she is so lovely, and she has been badly brought up; and all this prosperity must be very trying. How silly I was to think Paul would like anyone so artificial; there is no simplicity left in her. I remember I used to laugh at Mrs. Fagg for saying Patty was always acting, but she was right; still, if Patty had kept to her own station, I think she would have been happier; she must always be uncomfortable."

Nuna had forgotten all about the sharp twinge of remorse roused by Patty's question. She had spent the evening in remembering Paul's intense love for all that was simple and natural; her poor, thirsting heart taking large refreshing draughts as she reflected on the studied graces and manner of Mrs. Downes.

And now Paul had come in and looked downright angry as she told him her adventures.

"I did not think you could be so foolish," he said.

She had felt nervous in telling him, but that was because of their last talk about Mrs. Downes; it had been such an effort to go to Park Lane, that Nuna felt as if she deserved praise for having accomplished Roger's wishes. She looked surprised and frightened at her husband's reproof.

"What could I do? Oh, Paul! I should have liked to ask you, but Roger insisted —"

"Roger! what claim has Roger on you which can lead you into doing what you must know I should dislike?"

"How could I know it?" Nuna's colour was rising; there was something so hard, so tyrannical in Paul's manner, that her spirit was rising too.

"You might have been sure of it!" and his look told her he considered she had deceived him. "If I had wanted you and Mrs. Downes to be acquainted, I should have taken you to see her. You have plenty of sense, Nuna, and you must have guessed I wished to keep you apart."

Nuna's jealousy flamed up in an instant; if it had not made her blind and deaf to everything but itself, she might have known that her husband would have been less open in speech if he had any special friendship for Patty.

She drew herself up proudly; Paul started at the coldness with which she spoke.

"You give me so little of your time that it did not occur to me you ever thought about me; and really, I hardly see what harm I have done in taking an old servant's message to his daughter."

There was pride in her look and in her voice, ah, and in her meaning too, though she strove against it; and Paul misunderstood it: it wounded him to the heart; it was the first time Nuna had ever let him see that she was aware of being well-born.

"All that is such folly, such childish nonsense," he said: "Mrs. Downes's position is very superior to ours, and there's an end of it. I don't want to hear anything more about her."

He turned away, deeply, terribly mortified. Perhaps, if Patty had asked him he would have consented to take Nuna to Park Lane, but then she would have had all fitting attendance; — she would have had his protection. He was not specially weak with regard to the opinion of others, but he did not choose that the woman he had loved, and who had so wantonly rejected him, should even guess at a flaw in the trust and love of his wife. It seemed to Paul that jealousy had taken Nuna to Patty.

"Nuna is no more the woman I pictured her to myself than she is an angel," he said, and then he wondered at the folly of that night's meditations at Harwich, — the night when he had caught a glimmer of the depth of his wife's love, and of his own neglect, — only a short while ago in time; in thought, in feeling, it seemed so far away!

Nuna kept silence. She felt so proud, so indignant, that it seemed to her she should say something which Paul could not forgive. He did not love her, — she felt reckless of any doubt about that; but the idea of open disagreement, of prolonged anger between husband and wife, shocked her and kept her silent.

"But it is dreadful to be like this," she said, as Love struggled for power in her soul. "Surely if I go and ask him not to be vexed with me, that must make things better." When thoughts like these come, it is wise to act on them headlong; they are among the rare opportunities of life: wait, it may be, for a moment, and the chance as it seemed, or the angel's whisper, has gone from us,—useless.

In came the maid with a letter for Nuna with "immediate" on it, in her father's quaint, crabbed handwriting.

She glanced at Paul. He had taken a book and was reading at the window. Nuna opened her letter.

"Oh, Paul!" She had quite forgotten their quarrel. "She is so ill, perhaps dying; oh, will you read, please? I may go, mayn't I? Could I to-night?"

Paul took the letter unwillingly; he had none of Nuna's elastic power of forgetting annoyance.

"Who's ill?" he said coldly.

"Elizabeth,—Mrs. Beaufort; it does seem so very sad; and I've had such hard thoughts of her; and all this time she has been sorry." Nuna clasped her hands.

Paul read the letter;—only a few words of deep sorrow for the writer's unkindness to Nuna, and an earnest entreaty that she would see her. "I believe I am dying," the letter ended: "I think you will come if you can."

"Mrs. Beaufort is sorry, but she's selfish still," Paul thought, "or she would have left Nuna free about going down."

"You can go to-night if you wish it," he said, gravely, "only I am afraid I can't go with you. I have to begin a portrait of Sir Henry Wentworth to-morrow morning; and he has been so kind, and has taken such a liking to my work, that it seems a risk to break my first appointment; he can make my fortune if he chooses."

Nuna looked up fondly at her husband.

"No one need do that," she said, "you must be famous some day;" and then she went off timidly to the subject of her journey, seeing no response in Paul's grave, fixed look.

"If she is so very ill, a few hours may be of importance. I could take Mary."

"Yes, but I wish I could go with you."

Nuna lingered a moment; but Paul got the time-tables and told her she had only an hour to spare, so she gave up her longing for a more decided peace-making.

She summoned Mary, and began to pack what she wanted.

"I shall only be away a few days," she

thought, "and when I come back we will begin life afresh, and I will try to win Paul's love. Surely, if I try, I must. I cannot believe he likes that poor artificial woman better than he likes me."

What a kiss Paul gave her just before the train started! He did love her, after all; and as she leaned back in the gathering darkness, Nuna felt that strange sickness of hope deferred, mingled with a brooding fear. Had she been wifely, wise even, to go far from her husband, without the heart-to-heart reconciliation, which should have come after these sorrowful days of estrangement?

#### CHAPTER LIV.

#### AGAIN AT ASHTON.

PAUL had telegraphed for the fly to be in readiness at Ashton station; but it was past ten o'clock before Nuna reached the Rectory.

Something in the familiar sounds of servants' voices, in the atmosphere full of almond perfume from the starry clematis on the verandah, stirred Nuna's heart strongly. She was crying as she met her father in the inner hall. He looked ill and old. She threw both arms round his neck, and sobbed on his shoulder.

Mr. Beaufort gave a little sigh;—he had been feeling like an ivy plant torn rudely from its accustomed support—it was hard to be called on to play the part of elm to the very aid he had sought.

"There, there, my dear, come in my study and have tea; I think you had better not see Mrs. Beaufort till to-morrow; you might excite her."

Nuna tried to calm herself, but it was not easy; every step called back some half-forgotten bit of former life; and when she was fairly seated in the study, she had nearly broken down again.

Mr. Beaufort sat opposite her, but he seemed nervous. Warm as the weather was, he had a fire in the study; he stooped down and struck out a shower of sparks from the whitened logs. Nuna tossed her bonnet on to the sofa. The old, careless action bridged over her period of absence, and her wifehood. Mr. Beaufort only saw in his daughter the vague, unformed girl who had given Bobby Fagg the run of his study table.

"Elizabeth wrote you a beautiful letter," he said in a fretful voice.

"Yes; I long to see her and be of use to her, if I can."

"I hardly think you are fit to nurse," and then, touched a little by her sad eyes, "I

mean, you have no experience compared with cook; and Mrs. Fagg comes up every day — she is so thoroughly good a nurse."

"Ah!" Nuna sighed, "but I hope Elizabeth will like me to be with her."

In her heart she wondered why else had she been sent for.

"Yes, yes, of course." Poor Mr. Beaufort had passed several sleepless nights: he was altogether for him in a most unnatural position — he had been an invalid, the invalid of the house all his life; it was hard to be dethroned, to have this fresh anxiety thrust on him. His natural feelings had softened his anger against Nuna, but as he grew used to her presence, it returned.

"I sent you that letter because Mrs. Beaufort wished it; but in my opinion it was uncalled for — I mean, I think, Nuna, you have quite as much to atone for as she has."

"I — towards Elizabeth!" Nuna felt in a dream.

"I hoped you would have seen it yourself." He got up and stood beside the fire, so that he need not see the eyes so earnestly fixed on his face. "You know how I shrink from any personal discussion; but surely, Nuna, you cannot call your conduct towards us dutiful, or becoming?"

He paused; but she did not speak; she was setting her father's speech beside the shock Patty's words had given her — trying to see the meaning to which she could feel all this pointed; and when hearts, however ignorant, are deeply in earnest, a sudden call of this kind so bewilders the senses that there is nothing on which to found definite words.

He thought she was vexed, and this irritated him.

"You see, the great fault of your character is self-will; you will only act by your own judgment. Now, I dare say in your heart you consider you have not been kindly treated: if you do think this, it is a most complete mistake — it would have been far pleasanter to me to have gone on as we were; but — to begin with — you neglected every sort of domestic duty; and then you were very perverse about marrying. I consider whatever happened afterwards was entirely your doing. Yes, Nuna, the chief unhappiness that has come into my life has been of your making."

Nuna had sat listening, her eyes intently fixed on her father. She could not see much of him, but she could feel that there was a change. There was a reality too

in his voice, which gave a weight to the old fretfulness it had never had before.

Was he unhappy with Elizabeth? Yes, she felt sure he was; and he meant that Nuna had been the cause of his marriage.

Self-defence was always deficient in Nuna's nature; the feelings which had been struggling to be understood swept upwards, overbearing any attempt at self-excuse, into an agony of remorse.

She threw herself on her knees, and clasped her arms round her father; but no words would come to help her.

Mr. Beaufort was shocked and distressed.

"Oh, my dear — there — there — pray don't — don't agitate yourself, and me too, by giving way; just now, too, when we all have need of extra strength. Oh, my dear, you'll unnerve yourself, and make yourself useless — quite."

But the words were not the styptic to her agonized flow of feeling that they would have proved a year ago. For weeks Nuna had been keeping back the outward expression of her sorrow; and now it had found vent, it carried her along with the power of sudden freedom.

"Only say you forgive me, father," she said, passionately. There was none of the old timidity; she was not even crying. Mr. Beaufort was fairly borne along by the strength and genuineness of her appeal.

He stooped down and kissed her; and then tried to raise her.

"There, there — yes, darling; God bless you; I knew you would come right;" and then he hid his own face in his pocket-handkerchief, under cover of blowing his nose.

Nuna rose up, still and calm; a great load seemed lifted off her heart, but it was scarcely lighter: so new a self had been roused into life by her father's words, that she longed to be alone to sift them, and prove their meaning.

Mr. Beaufort rang the bell.

"I had ordered the spare room got ready; but cook and Jane said you would be sure to like your own room best. I dare say you're tired."

Nuna was thankful to say, Yes, and to find herself lighted by Jane up the old staircase.

Jane lingered.

"Shan't I take your things out, miss — ma'am, I ought to say?"

"No, thank you, Jane. I am so very glad to see you again, and cook too. I'll come and have a talk with you to-morrow."

Jane went away; and Nuna<sup>\*</sup> stood looking round her, trying to cast herself back into the state of mind she had lived in with those surroundings.

Little change had been made in the arrangement of the room; it almost seemed to her that some one had tried to replace everything in its accustomed position.

And, while she stood gazing, it came to her suddenly that it was here that the old life had seemed most distasteful as she mused over it; it was here that she had thought of life alone with Paul as a state too full of bliss for earth.

Had she been happy? had she made Paul happy?

"Yes, I have been wildly happy sometimes; and did I not say, myself, I preferred that sort of a changeful life to a monotonous existence of tepid content? I thought love would be very different — more the mingling of one heart with another, than this. I thought Paul and I would have known each other's thoughts and wishes before they were spoken."

She sighed; looking back at the old life, she felt herself discontented — wicked, even, at the contrast its dreariness offered beside her new state: and yet she could not, even though she summoned unreal strength — that strength with which a woman often makes herself a temporary heroine to sink beneath her real self when the effort is past — Nuna could not force herself to be resigned; she could not give up the hope of winning her husband to love her more entirely as she wished: and then came back her father's reproaches — had she really power to judge herself rightly at all?

There was a tap at the door, and when she opened it she saw her father, pale, and much agitated.

"I don't know what to do," he said, in a low voice. "Hush! don't speak, or you may make her worse. She keeps on fainting; and I don't know really what to do. Dennis is very unwell, so I can't send for Mrs. Fagg; and Elizabeth does not like me in her room, I know she does not."

"Let me go," said Nuna, eagerly.

"You!" He looked at her and shook his head. "I don't want to vex you, my dear, but I really think you would do more harm than good. Nursing requires such unwearied attention and carefulness."

"Yes, I know, — I mean, I don't wonder at your distrust, dear, dear papa." She had got his hand in hers, and she kissed it with a fervour that startled him. "You

have made me begin to see, to-night, how little I have lived for others. Won't you give me this chance of beginning fresh? Let me only try to do something really to make you happy. If nursing and care can bring Elizabeth back to you, then indeed I will try to save her."

As she spoke, her words grew calmer and sweeter; even her father saw that their first impetuosity had been caused more by the effort at uttering them than because she was unreal. She stood with clasped hands; her eyes liquid with intense but restrained feeling, gazing into her father's face.

He struggled a few moments, and then nature rose up against prejudice, and all the petty hindrances that so often sever loving hearts.

He bent his head to Nuna's; he meant to kiss her forehead; but with her clinging arms round his neck, the poor lonely man's soul found voice at last.

"My darling," he whispered, — and soba came between his words, — "why did I never find you out before?"

#### CHAPTER LV.

##### CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

MRS. DOWNES stopped and looked round, to be quite sure her black silk flounces were clear of the dirty gate. "I had made up my mind not to come to Bellamont Terrace till just before we go away, and yet here I am on this muddy day, too, and all because that foolish doll of a woman chose to interfere between me and my father. I shan't forget her manner when she went away. I don't think I've felt so out of temper for months; and I don't forgive people who put me out of temper; it wrinkles my forehead and heats my complexion." Patty's bewitching smile came here; it was too amusing to think that any falling off could come to her beauty.

Her smile seemed to irritate Roger. He had opened the door noiselessly, and any one less quick of observation would have been taken by surprise; but, as a girl, Patty's motto had been "never to be caught napping," and her observing powers had not grown dulled by luxury.

Roger frowned; and his mouth was so firmly shut, that a series of hard semi-circles showed at each corner of it.

"How are you?" said Patty. She made no effort to kiss him; she shook hands instead. "I am afraid you have been ill again."

"Are you?" He led the way into the



parlour. "I've been expecting you, Madam Downes."

Patty did not seat herself. She walked up to the little picture on the mantel-shelf, and looked first at it, then at herself in the misty looking-glass.

Roger watched her; and his anger suddenly burst bounds.

"You're a vain hussy, that you are, and always were. If your husband's fool enough to stand it, well and good. I wish him joy; he'd do well to remember that it's the vain women as brings shame and disgrace to a husband's home far more than the froward or the sour ones."

Patty had flushed angrily at his words, but their stern sound frightened her,—shocked the soft pleasure-seeking soul by the glimpse of broad daylight it seemed to let in. Roger checked himself; he seldom uttered long sentences, and felt half ashamed of having, as he thought, "jawed like any woman;" but he had more to say yet that he meant Patty to listen to.

"Is this what you sent for me to hear?" she said, with the old defiant movement of her head.

"No; I've wasted words, and them's things as I don't often throw away."

Patty gave a little shudder of disgust—he spoke so broadly. Roger saw it.

"Ay, ay, I know all about it; you'd give your right hand, Madam Downes, if ye could put a wide sea atwixt us; an' I don't blame ye, not I."

"Father, how can you?" she began, but he interrupted her.

"Now you just listen, here." He pointed his bony forefinger towards her, a finger which seemed to have more knuckles than of right belonged to it. "So long as you keep straight, I'm content to let ye bide; but don't you go stirring up unhappiness atwixt man and wife, or I'm down on ye. Maybe I know more than you think for, and if Whitmore's fool enough to fret his wife's heart for the likes of you, why"—he scowled at her as he paused for breath—"it's just this: if you don't shut your doors agin him, you won't shut 'em agin me neither. I'll see this smart husband of yours, and tell him more about you than you mean him to know."

He stopped; but he bent his eyes on her. It seemed as if he expected her to spring at him, or fly off into vehement anger. He had not, in any way, realized the steady hold which daily practice had given Patty over any show of feeling.

She stood a minute, with downcast eyes, choosing her line of conduct. All she cared to do just then was to pacify Roger;

and the best way seemed to follow out the lead her feelings had taken at his words.

She pulled out her pocket-handkerchief and wiped her eyes: there were really some tears there; smarting, vexed drops that seemed to sting with sudden pain.

"I know I've not been always what I ought towards you, father; but I thought you didn't care, as some do, for outside show." A little sob here. "I thought, so long as you had the substance, I was of too little consequence to you for you to heed my goings and comings as some might;" then with a sudden change of voice, "I've doubled your allowance," she said reproachfully, "I should have thought that more to your taste than any make-up of dutifulness; and, I must say, it's hard you should listen to that woman against your own child."

Roger's face cleared; his mouth relaxed till his lips parted in surprise, and then a look of doubt came into his restless eyes.

"Thank you," he said; "tho' as I've told you before now, by rights, it ud been me as should have given the allowance; not you, Patty. You're wrong about Miss Nuna, she told no tales agin you; but if you have done as you say about the money"—he said each word deliberately, while he looked at her keenly—"why, I say again, thank you."

Patty looked away; as yet she had not made the promised alteration. "But I mean to do it," she thought, "and that's all the same." She went to the mantelpiece and took up the little picture. "You don't mind letting me have this? I'll give it back some day. I want to get it copied."

"Take it." Roger was thinking whether he had said enough in the way of warning. At another time he might have suspected Patty's motive for removing the only link which could prove her connection with Bellamont Terrace; but he was far more intent on the remembrance of Nuna's sorrowful face than on his beautiful daughter.

"You'll not forget what I said a while ago." Patty was putting the picture in her pocket: he could not see the frown his words called up.

"Mind you, Miss Nuna made no complaint; and don't go setting yourself agin her; but it stands to reason it ain't happy for a wife to see her husband going after one as he fancied afore he saw her."

"You're mistaken there." Patty's eyes sparkled with triumph. "Mr. Whitmore saw Nuna Beaufort before ever he set eyes on me; and she knows it. Do you suppose

I care about a poor artist like that? not I. If she chooses to be a jealous idiot, it's no fault of mine. Mr. Whitmore came to paint my picture; well, it's finished, and sent home; and I dare say he has got the money for painting it; and I don't suppose he and I are likely to meet again: but I do think it is very hard that you should judge your own daughter to be all wrong, and Nuna Beaufort to be all right; and Patty swallowed a little indignant sob.

"Well, well; if it's as you say, it's well ended." Even Roger was touched. "But don't think me hard neither; as you brew so you bake; and you know, you was always for getting all the men-folk to yourself and robbing others. You keep your door shut agin Miss Nuna's gentleman and I'll keep my own counsel."

Patty did not utter a word when she rejoined her companion at the railway station; and Patience had grown so accustomed to her moods that she was aware this was not one to be rashly broken in on.

Passion with Patty was not lasting; but it never passed away without leaving the fruit of a settled purpose. She had rarely been so moved out of herself, as by the discovery of Roger's motive in summoning her to Bellamount Terrace.

The resentment roused by Nuna's lofty coldness had been smouldering — not forgotten; and now, as Mrs. Downes realized that this girl, whom she had hated all her life, who had robbed her — this was Patty's view — of the only man she ever could have loved, had been at the pains to stir up her own father against her, the old hatred flamed out again. Patty reminded herself that one of the first joys of her inheritance had been the consciousness that, one day, she would have power to humble Nuna Beaufort.

"She shall be humbled, too. She has brought it on herself. I'll teach her the difference between us;" and she lay back in the carriage, thinking.

Patty had not owned it to herself distinctly; her conscience had grown tough, but still she had a consciousness of deep mortification. Paul had not called once since the last sitting; and a faint blushing tinged the beautiful face as she remembered her efforts, that day, to fascinate him. She did not enter personally into this question; but in summing up Nuna's offences her foolish jealousy headed the list. No doubt Mrs. Whitmore had made the poor man's life miserable when she found out he had been painting her portrait, and he kept away from Park Lane

just for the sake of peace. "He shall come, though," she said, "even if I ask her to come with him."

Mrs. Downes turned suddenly to Patience.

"Tell Newton to drive to St. John Street; I want some alterations made to that picture; and I may as well return Mrs. Whitmore's visit."

Patience began a remonstrance; but the words died away, there was so determined a look in the blue eyes.

Mrs. Whitmore was not at home.

"Mrs. Whitmore's gone into the country for some days."

"Where to, ma'am?" The powdered giant touched his hat.

Patty sat thinking; a plan had been growing in her scheming brain. Lord Charles Seton had told her of his meeting with Paul Whitmore, and he had also expressed a wish to have the artist's companionship in an excursion he had planned for the coming autumn.

At the time, Mrs. Downes had paid little heed to the proposal. She had looked at Lord Charles's sketches, and praised them; and felt rather bored at having to talk to him about anything except herself; but now this remembrance came back vividly. It was just the clue she wanted; she could amuse herself, and punish Nuna by the same stroke; and Mrs. Whitmore's absence from St. John Street placed her completely at Patty's mercy.

"There is no prestige in being admired by Paul; but I like it: his appreciation of beauty is quite of another order to Lord Charles's; he shall come to Park Lane while she is away, and I'll take care she knows of his coming; and Paul shall go abroad with Lord Charles too. Why should we not all go together?"

She ordered to be driven to Queen's Gate; and then she went on planning. It seemed to her that she must not trust Patience. It must have been from her companion, that her father knew so much of her proceedings.

"Miss Coppock," — Patty looked grave; she began to be aware that Patience suspected her smile, — "I must call on Mrs. Winchester, and I promised Mr. Downes I would drive out with him at six o'clock. I would not keep him waiting on any account, so you had better take a cab and go home with my message."

It would have been simpler to leave Patience in the carriage; but Patty's nature was incapable of simplicity, either in thought or action.

## CHAPTER LVI.

## COUSINLY.

Mrs. WINCHESTER sat in state in her vast drawing-room, at the opposite end to that by which Patty came in.

Some people of timid nature and excitable nerves, feel dismayed when they have to make these solitary pilgrimages to the point where the mistress of all the state and splendour they traverse awaits them.

Even for her cousin's wife, Mrs. Winchester made no forward movement; but, as Patty approached, she rose from her lounging attitude, rustled out her ample skirts, and gave a little nod of welcome.

Mrs. Winchester was proud of her rooms. She considered decorations of walls and ceilings in any purely artistic fashion simple waste; her rooms ought to be as much like everybody else's rooms as possible; and everybody sat and walked upon representations of birds, and flowers, and Cupids, and even birds' nests full of eggs. Therefore, it was the right thing to do.

"If you only trust all to a good upholsterer," said the faded Juno, "you are sure to be fashionable, and have things as they should be. Why, I left even my mantelpiece, and the hanging of my pictures, and the arrangement of the old china, to the upholsterer."

She said this to her cousin's wife, by way of suggestion; for she considered Maurice Downes far too much inclined to take up with eccentric ideas of taste.

"Yes," said Patty, sweetly, "I see what you mean: everything in your room looks as if it had been done for you right off, it all looks so new and nice. What does your protégé Mr. Whitmore say to it all?"

"My protégé! He would not like you to say that; he is a very rising artist indeed: people tell me I am very fortunate to have been painted by him."

"I think you are," Patty spoke quietly; but Mrs. Winchester looked affronted.

"I suppose you mean we all are. Maurice seems delighted with yours. Pray, when am I to see this portrait of yours, Elinor?"

"That is exactly what I came for." Patty had managed to avoid Mrs. Winchester's hints about seeing the picture in progress. "I thought, you know, you would judge of it so much better in the frame; the gilding, and all that, improves a picture, just as dress improves a *passée* woman."

"Any woman, you mean?" Mrs. Win-

chester felt rather as a soft comfortable mole must feel, when he meets a hedgehog unawares.

"Oh dear, no." Patty's smile grew sweeter at the discomfiture in those lustreless, colourless eyes. "Some people look actually charming in a dressing gown. Why, there's Venus; I suppose the reason that she's always shown undraped is, because she was too really beautiful to need any adornment in the way of dress."

Mrs. Winchester looked at the beautiful face with severe horror.

"I don't know anything about Venus's dress, I'm sure. I don't think Venus is meant to be talked of, at all; one only looks at her." Patty's eyes were beaming with mischief; but she grew grave as she remembered that she must not irritate her cousin too much; she had not accomplished the object of her visit.

"Now, when will you come and see my portrait? Lord Charles Seton dines with us on Tuesday. Can you come? I should so like you to meet him."

"Lord Charles Seton! of course I will, my dear Elinor. I had promised the Stephen Winchesters; but Charles must manage to go to them alone, and I will come to you. I know so many friends of Lord Charles Seton's, that it will be pleasant to meet him."

Patty smiled. Mrs. Winchester had tried more than once to be asked to meet some of her cousins' titled acquaintances.

"And I know Lord Charles will be pleased." Patty looked as if a signal favour had been granted. "Can you bring Mr. Whitmore?" she said carelessly. "Lord Charles wants to meet him, and I don't quite know how to manage. You see, we don't visit Mr. Whitmore; and Maurice would not, I think, like to invite a person of that kind in such an intimate way. We only have artists and those sort of people at large parties; but, if you were to bring him as your friend, it would be quite different; in fact, you must manage it for me, dear, for I have quite promised Lord Charles."

Mrs. Winchester was proud of Paul's friendship; she had even called on Nuna, and had pronounced her charming; but she was ashamed to be less exclusive than this wife of Maurice's, whom she yet believed to be a nobody after all.

"I can bring him, of course, my dear; he will be quite flattered; and it will be, no doubt, a great advantage to him in all ways."

Even then, Patty could not spare her husband's cousin.

"Yes, it must be such a great advantage to be considered your friend. Very well, then, I count on you for Tuesday."

"What a fool that woman is!" she thought, while she leaned back in her carriage. "Give a footman a title, and set her beside him, and she'd worship. It's only the title; she don't care for anything that goes along with it. Well, perhaps she is only like the rest of the world."

Mrs. Downes went home and wrote a note to Lord Charles Seton. She must

see him before he met Paul; she was determined the two men should go abroad together; and she was also determined on accompanying them; but it was necessary that the proposal should not seem to be hers.

"Of course I have only to say, I wish it, and Maurice will agree; but then, there is that tiresome, suspicious Patience, and I want her to be taken completely by surprise. She might write to Mrs. Whitmore, and upset everything."

"ON SPONTANEOUS GENERATION, OR PROTOPLASMIC LIFE," BY DR. CRACE CALVERT.—The object of the inquiry was to ascertain if the germs existing or produced in a liquid in a state of fermentation or of putrefaction could be conveyed to a liquid susceptible of entering into these states. An essential point in the conduct of the investigation was the preparation of pure distilled water. By employing an apparatus through which a gas could be passed to displace the air, and adding to the water to be distilled a solution of potash and permanagnate of potash, he obtained a water, which, after three or four distillations, was found to be free from life. The gas employed in the first three series was hydrogen, and the water was kept in the apparatus till wanted, to prevent any contact with air. The water having been kept free from life for seventeen days, was introduced into twelve small holes, and left exposed to the atmosphere for fifteen hours, when the tubes were closed. Every eight days the tubes were examined. On the first and second examination no life was observed, but the third discovered two or three black vibrios in each field. A second series of experiments was made, placing the water in the tubes near putrid meat for two hours, at a temperature of 21° to 26° C. Six days after, some of the tubes were examined and life observed; showing that being placed near a source of protoplasmic life the water had in two hours absorbed germs in sufficient quantity for life to become visible in one-fourth the time required in the first experiment. After six days a slight increase of life was noticed, but on further developments, albumen was added to the water. In this case life appeared in five days, and a considerable increase in ten. Albumen, therefore, facilitated the development of life. The quantity of life produced in the above experiments being comparatively small, some fresh water was distilled, oxygen being substituted for the hydrogen in the apparatus; and a fourth series of experiments resulted in showing that although oxygen appears to favour the development of germs, it does not favour their reproduction. When the weather had become much

warmer and a marked increase of life in the atmosphere had taken place, some of the albumen solution employed in the above experiments was left exposed in tubes to its influence, when a large quantity of life was rapidly developed, and continued to increase, proving the increase to be due not merely to reproduction, but to the introduction of fresh germs. As no life appeared in that portion of the distilled water remaining in the apparatus before mentioned, which was examined from time to time, whilst it appeared in all the solutions made with it, and impregnated by their exposure to the atmosphere, it is obvious that germs are necessary to the production of life.

Athenaeum.

SIGNIFICANT "MILITARY FACTS" FROM RUSSIA.—Two military facts of considerable weight, says the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, are reported from Russia. The St. Petersburg War-office informs us, in an official order, that the number of breechloaders required for the entire army on a war footing has been completed at last, and that there is also ample supply of cartridges on hand. The rifle adopted is an improved needle-gun, called, after the manufacturer, the Krinck pattern. The other event is the impending opening of the Brest-Minsk-Smolensk Railway, which establishes direct communication by steam between Moscow and Warsaw. Until now, Poland had no railway connection with the interior, except by way of St. Petersburg—a circumstance which made its tenure dependent upon the defence of a single line. The new railway, therefore, which will be opened on the 1st of October, supplies an urgent want, and that all the more effectively from its situation in the central provinces, where no enemy can easily penetrate. The same correspondent states that the Russian and Turkish Governments have agreed to connect their Asiatic telegraphs. A wire will be laid down between Tiflis and the military post of St. Nicholas, on the Turkish frontier.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
BONAPARTISM IN FRANCE.

THERE is so much uncertainty in the domestic affairs of France that the imbroglia is watched from other lands with wearying curiosity. We see what we see; but how soon or in what manner the political aspect may change baffles all speculation. A little while ago we should have said that probably M. Thiers's rule would settle and harden into a moderate Republican Government, with a President, a responsible body of Ministers, and very much of the spirit and procedure of our own Administration; and that this Government would last for several years, or till M. Thiers departed altogether from France and the world. That the chances of the Legitimists had been destroyed, and the hopes of the Orleanists diminished indefinitely, appeared certain; while of the other two political powers, one, the Red power, had been crippled for a generation, and the other, Bonapartism, was actually moribund. But within the last week or so there has been such a stir of life in this last-named faction as to suggest that with fair opportunities it may be seen on its feet again. What Bonapartist even would have ventured to predict six months ago that by October there would be several avowedly Imperialist journals existing in Paris, and that the adherents of Napoleon would by that time formally re-enter the lists, and be seen and allowed, and be able to boast that their time would come soon again? Yet such is the present condition of the party, to all appearance. The *Times* has a letter on this subject of an almost startling character. Even if "the Parisian correspondent" who wrote it happens to be more or less of a partisan (as we suspect him to be), and largely exaggerates the state of feeling in France, what he has to say is still of much significance. He declares that the Imperialist party after a year of silence and eclipse, has reappeared with new strength. "Events, which for a time were averse to it, have again become favourable. The Empire is a natural consequence; its first causes lie in the Revolution, which engendered democracy, which itself is the parent of Cæsarism. Parisian democracy is Republican in words, Imperialist in fact. Deprived of all gains for a year past, it cannot accustom itself to the severe rule of the Republic, which it looks upon as dull, sour, profitless—little calculated to attract foreigners who spend money." And this feeling, says the writer, prevails among the *bourgeoisie* and working men

alike. The latter are not without anger at the thought of Satory and the hulks, where their friends are confined by the present Republican Government. "Having failed in making themselves masters by means of the Commune, they have no wish to be slaves under a Republic." What is more, we are assured that, though the men of letters do not confess it, they are very uneasy at the prospect before them: which, if true, is a very significant symptom. If they are uneasy whose only chance of flourishing is under monarchical institutions or a moderate republic, they must see reason to dread a recurrence of what is to them fatal: Cæsarism or that despotism which the sterner Republicans are famous for. And then there is quite enough of Bonapartist feeling in the provinces, we are told, to encourage the disgust of Paris and to justify the fears of the literary class. "Schoolmasters and magistrates are suspected of Bonapartism in the country; so are the gendarmes; so are police agents and the municipal guard of Paris; so is a large part of the army, that which was taken captive, that which fought with such vain courage at Woerth, at Forbach, at Metz, at Sedan, and which has been always overwhelmed with abuse and wounded by injustice."

It is difficult to believe that this is a true and uncoloured account of the situation. For our own part we do not doubt that it is highly charged with exaggeration; but if there is any considerable amount of truth in it (and certainly the story is in some particulars very plausible) then we may expect with confidence that it will be truer to-morrow than to-day. If Bonapartism has any real footing on French soil now, in the ignorance of the peasantry, in the angry shame of the army, in the restlessness and discontent of the beaten Reds in Paris, it will probably grow. At any rate, it would be very rash to assume that it will perish forthwith, if so soon after it was cut to the ground with hate and scorn, it is capable of lifting its head into a favouring atmosphere. That Imperialism will ever succeed again in the lifetime of the present chief is another question. The point of interest for us is, whether it is likely to make such head within a year or two as to become a potential element of disturbance,—should flattering opportunities arise. Is it, or is it not, withdrawn from the imbroglia? We supposed it had been. If there is any considerable amount of truth in the letter from which we have quoted, that is not the case; and it simply depends upon the



occurrence of favouring accidents from without, or on the blundering or misfortunes of men of other creeds, whether Imperialism shall not be able to assert itself yet in a way that must be more or less disturbing. That such accidents may easily happen is clear when we look round from France to the rest of Europe, and see how doubtful and threatening is the prospect generally, and, what is more to the purpose, how hostile it is to the *amour propre* of France. The Germans have taken pains to leave no doubt in the mind of any Frenchman that the conquest of his country is regarded as a blessing to the world. Many English critics, even, have expressed the opinion that the arrogance of France, her disposition to bully and dispossess her neighbours, was a nuisance and a crime; and that there never could be peace in Europe till this spirit had been crushed out of her. If this judgment is well-founded, and the Germans are sincere in their representations of the case, it means that, having broken down the power that gave effect to all this mischief, they intend never to permit its revival. In fact, there can hardly be a doubt that such a resolution exists in the minds of Germany's rulers, and that if at any time they choose to manifest it they will be hotly supported by the whole people. They are of opinion that now there has been enough of revenges; and that it would be a wrong thing, as well as a perilous one, to permit their swaggering neighbour to grow mighty again. If this is really the case (and the recent conferences at Gastein and elsewhere do not discredit the assumption), then nothing can be more likely than that by-and-by the French Government will have strong hints to that effect in words or deeds. And these hints, if they are given, will probably be expressed without much deference to the Granvillianisms of diplomatic intercourse. Here we have roughly sketched one of those accidents which, if they happened, would be favourable for the Bonapartes, in stirring up, and enabling them to work upon, the military fervours of a nation which conquered Europe under a Napoleon. It may be said that the disasters of another Napoleon must efface the military prestige gained for the family by its great founder; but we do not observe that French feeling tends much in that direction, and in a year

or two every possible explanation of France's defeat but the true one will be believed in. But we need not prophesy or invent accidents of any particular kind. Enough that they do constantly occur; and that in a distracted nation like France, with no guiding mind and no stable party anywhere, there is no knowing how much they might turn to the advantage of a flattering, much-promising, ceaselessly-scheming Prince out of power. It must be remembered, too, that though there is some present stability in the French Government, it probably depends for its maintenance on the life of a man now seventy-four years old. When M. Thiers is taken from office, disturbances must almost certainly follow; and what these may evolve nobody would dare to prophesy. So far as we can see, the moderate Republicanism of the day would expire with him, and resolve itself definitely into the monarchical factions of which it is composed. That these would strike for power, as against what they would call Communism and destruction on the one side, and Imperialism on the other, is probable enough; and if so, we see how potent any considerable feeling for Bonapartism might be made, in the hands of men who have all to gain by the audacity and astuteness of adventurers generally. It is a deplorable thing that the destinies of a country, the difference between going on in some steady attempt at settled order and reversal into confusion and bloodshed, should depend for the second time in a few years on the life of an old and infirm man. But so it is. Were M. Thiers forty, and endowed with the vigour of that time of life, the whole prospect of France, and of Imperialism, would be different: but he is more than seventy, and it is little likely that he will be able to "settle order once again" before he is taken away. To be sure, Time is working in the same inexorable way with the man who alone lends life to Bonapartism. If Louis Napoleon dies at the beginning of his new efforts, there will be an end to the chances of his "dynasty" in our generation, we suppose. If so, then we see what little accidents may vary the next future of France; and what sport is made of the happiness, the lives, the liberties of a whole nation by the poorest motives and the commonest fatalities of humanity.

From The Examiner.

## ENGLISH REPUBLICANISM.

THE long letter from Mr. George Potter which appeared in the *Times* of last Tuesday, doubtless fairly represents the opinions that the majority of the working classes in this country hold on the question of "Monarchy *versus* Republicanism." A few blustering and ambitious demagogues declare that they speak the minds of all working men when they insist on the speedy deposition of the House of Brunswick, or aver that the longest term during which its rule can be tolerated is the lifetime of the present Sovereign. But we believe that they are spokesmen only for a few, and that most of those who give any thought to the matter are more anxious that the substantial benefits of Republicanism should be secured, than that the strict form of Republican Government should be obtained. What they want is that all classes of the community shall have a fair share in the management of public affairs, and that all shall unite in labouring to promote the common welfare, and, like Mr. Potter, they are "far from giving up the extended experiment of popular government under hereditary presidency as a thing to be despaired of." This is certainly the most sensible view to take. Englishmen are not generally fond of violent revolution. They have already won so much freedom by temperate argument and by step-by-step progress, that, though they may think the altered conditions of other countries justify a different course of action, and even palliate such excesses as marked the history of the Paris Commune, they are not in favour of the precipitate overturning of institutions at home. To that extent there is a measure of truth in the Tory boast as to the prevalence of "Conservative working men," and to that extent it may be assumed that Monarchism, in its present shadowy shape in England, is safe. No one can help seeing, however, that the Republican spirit is growing in England, and that, according to Mr. Potter's periphrasis, "if the rising cry for a Republic is to fail in calling forth any general answer, those who would maintain the Monarchy must prevail with those in power to pursue at home and abroad such a policy as will indispose the bulk of the people to join in the desire for constitutional change." In other words, the working majority of Englishmen will not trouble themselves about the form of government, if the thing works as they wish it; but they will insist upon such a practical

readjustment of the machinery of State as will enable them to secure for themselves their full share of the comfort and independence possible in our over-crowded country.

The worst that can be said of Royalty as it at present exists in England is that it is in itself a rather costly sham, and that, at the same time, it serves as a peg on which hang certain obnoxious realities. What Mr. Potter calls "hereditary pre-idency," would, as we now have it, be tolerably harmless—it might, in some respects, be even beneficial—if it were not the chief excuse for the maintenance of other hereditary institutions that are far more mischievous. As regards the strictly political question, we find, *pace* Mr. Disraeli, that the Sovereign has really very little to do with affairs of State; the duties of the Crown are either ornamental or clerical, and, even when an important exercise of so-called Royal Prerogative occurs, it is done at the dictation of the leader of the House of Commons, who, if nominally the Prime Minister of the Sovereign, is actually the Prime Minister of the people. The Crown would be entirely subject to its subjects, were it not for the interposition of the hereditary peerage, that has retained far more of its ancient power in State affairs than the hereditary monarchy. On political grounds, those who wish to make England thoroughly and truly Republican must aim their attack at the House of Peers rather than at the Crown. And on social grounds there is yet stronger reason for withstanding hereditary aristocracy rather than hereditary monarchy. The Queen is only one member, and one of the worthiest and most estimable members, of the Upper Ten Thousand. The centre of a vicious feudalism is now as good as gone, but the feudalism still exists in a way, and though with far inferior power than it possessed in former centuries, yet with considerably more power than is good for it or for society. For a long time past Republicanism, without the name, has been advancing in England, and it is quite possible that it may soon have to assert itself more strongly than ever, and for the first time quite openly; but the battle of Democracy has been, and must still be, not so much against Monarchy as against Oligarchy. A small minority of the nation claims, by virtue of the pedigree of its members, an influence in the affairs of the nation vastly in excess of any it could claim on account of their individual merits. When it is reduced to its normal position,

the position of the Sovereign can be settled without difficulty.

It is fortunate for this minority that the majority is disposed to treat it very leniently. The longest paragraph in Mr. Potter's letter concerns the most pressing of the social reforms that are involved in the Republican problem, and it defines the attitude which we hope all working men will take up in the matter. If French Radicals had such a land question to solve as occurs in England, they would adopt or aim at a very rough solution. They would clamour for the confiscation of the great territorial possessions of the aristocracy, and for an entire readjustment of the national wealth in land. Most English Republicans seem to be much more temperate in their demands. All they ask, following the lead of men like Mr. Mill, is that the existing customs of primogeniture and entail shall be abolished, that so much land as is still in the hands of the State shall be retained and used in the best way for the benefit of the whole community, and that where land is in private hands, only its hitherto undeveloped resources shall be looked upon as national property. And so it is with other matters directly or indirectly connected with the question of English Republicanism. Mr. Potter and his friends appear anxious that the needed improvements in our social and political arrangements should be quietly and peaceably worked out. If our statesmen and State pensioners are wise, they will yield to the movement while it continues in its present attitude.

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From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
HOME RULE IN AUSTRIA.

THE sudden development of the passion for "home rule" in Ireland, though merely a new phase of a persistent ailment in the body politic, is no doubt a disquieting phenomenon. We are apt to forget that it is in truth a simple revival of the old Repeal agitation, and that the Repeal agitation under O'Connell, when the Irish Catholics formed seven millions out of an entire imperial population of twenty-five, was something very different from the home rule agitation under Mr. Butt in our time, when they count only four millions out of thirty: a fact of which the more rational partisans of the cause in Ireland are only too well aware. If, however, we look for further comfort to examples abroad, we have no difficulty in finding

out a neighbour who is plagued with a far more extensive and virulent eruption of the "home rule" fever than we are ourselves. The Emperor of Austria rules, or affects to rule, not one but a dozen Irelands, each as profuse as our sister island of loyal sentiments and expressions of attachment to his benevolent personal sway; each as demonstrative in its determination to unite submission to that benevolent sway with absolute independence in "home" matters, which, analytically construed, means all matters whatever. Union with Great Britain is government by England, in the language of Mr. Smyth and Mr. Martin. Union with Austria is government by Germany, is the cry of the demagogues of a dozen nationalities, uttered in a dozen unfamiliar tongues, in the Empire of the Hapsburgs. And the incompatibility of the "home rule" in separate portions with any central government at all is daily receiving fresh demonstration from the modern experience of Austria, where it passes by the name of Federalism.

Something like justice may now be done to the memory of that well-meaning Prince Joseph II., who attempted a task too hard for himself, too hard perhaps for any one, but which — we now see better than his own generation saw — it was indispensable at all events to attempt. He endeavoured to weld together the races and religions of his subjects under a Government which should absolutely disregard their ancient claims of right — to call them all rights would be to beg several questions — their usages, their languages, and prejudices; but to give them instead the blessings of equal and moderate government. If there ever was a case for indulging in Carlylism, this was, in truth, a model one. Nothing but a beneficent despotism could possibly have succeeded. But the priests would not have it so. They repudiated Joseph as a freethinker, which he was not; they detested him, with much more reason from their point of view, as an opponent of ecclesiastical supremacy and a despoiler of Church property. They set themselves against him, and he failed. Whether he could have conquered, even with their aid, is doubtful. They had their reward. They threw back Austria into a half-century of Metternich government by bayonets and police. That broke down at last, and the result is a far more formidable revolt against their authority than Joseph would have encouraged in others or could have achieved himself.

The actual state of Austria is less known to us than it deserves to be, because the extreme complexity of the circumstances renders it very difficult to study. It would not be easy even to give an outline of the constitutional, national, and religious questions which now agitate that unlucky empire at the expense of anything less than a treatise. It is, as every one knows, now split into two halves—Cisleithan and Transleithan—connected by a federal union only: the latter equivalent to the ancient kingdom of Hungary and what it claims as its dependencies; the former comprising the rest of the empire. In Transleithania—that is to say, Hungary—matters are for the time in a somewhat less unpromising state than in the other half. The Magyars, strong in their landed property, their military organization, and, above all, in their central position, are able to keep at a respectful distance the Slavonic, Roumanian, and other once subject races, who occupy, as it were, lands forming the hem of their kingdom and encompassing them. But it is plain enough that this state of things is only temporary—a truce, not a solid union. There is no longer a recognized supremacy of one portion over others, and there is no tendency whatever to cohesion. The time is doubtless more or less nearly at hand when the outlying nationalities will either converge to oppress the central, or will break away from it in different directions.

Far more discordant for the time is the state of things on this side the Leitha. The confusion of King Agramant's camp has for the present uncontrolled away. Society, as divided into nationalities and religions, appears in actual process of disintegration; and nothing seems to check this tendency except the impossibility, recognized on all hands, of substituting any practical state of things for the present. Five or six millions of Germans in the old hereditary lands of Austria furnish indeed a strong and formidable national nucleus, hostile to "Federalism." But then they are collected at one extremity of the empire; they are hopeless of exercising any control over the surging masses of inferior races as they deem them which toss and agitate around them, and with whom the very name German is a phrase of contempt; they are sore at the loss of their ancestral control over these inferiors, and feel that a real régime of equality with such presuming associates is impossible. Their serious thoughts are therefore daily more and more directed towards

Berlin, and away from Vienna, though their hereditary inclination prompts in the old direction. But, such as they are, and with the help of their brother Germans in the neighbouring mixed provinces, they might probably hold their own by dint of superior wealth and civilization, were they united at home. But they are not. The fatal religious difference breaks up national unity. German Liberals and German Ultramontanes are more sharply antagonistic to each other than German and Slav or German and Magyar. Von Beust, who represents the first, Von Hohenwart, who for the time personifies the second, are more exposed to daily vituperation than the proudest Hungarian leader or the coarsest Slavonic demagogue.

But in the mixed Cisleithan provinces—those of divided nationalities—matters seem to be getting worse. "Home rule," in the shape of provincial Diets with local powers, is established everywhere. In Galicia the German element is trifling; and the public spirit of Galicia was greatly encouraged for many years by Austrian statesmen, who hoped to find in it a counterpoise against the mutinous disposition of Hungary. But then in Galicia itself two nations hold each other by the throat, the Poles and the Ruthenians, nearly equal in numbers, and therefore according to now prevailing notions equal in political claims, though the first represent the remnant of a great and chivalrous people, and the last were of absolutely no account, mere oppressed peasants, only two generations ago. But the Ruthenians of our day will no more submit to the Poles than the Poles to the Germans; and they have the colossus of Russia to lean against. In Carniola a wealthy, industrious, civilized German colony is outnumbered and kept out in the cold by a "Slovenian" majority—a mere insulated Slavonic tribe, with the ambitious pretensions of a nation. Even in Tyrol nearly half the inhabitants are Italian, and their longing is rather for reunion to the Italian family than even for "home rule." But at this present moment Bohemia offers, perhaps, the most untoward and at the same time the most instructive spectacle of any "Crown land" of the Hapsburgs; for that ancient kingdom seem to furnish the *reductio ad absurdum* of the principle of numerical majority. It has 2,000,000 of German inhabitants; and 3,000,000 of "Czechs" of Slavonic parentage. The political split between the two began about 1850. The Czechs just outnumber the Germans, and

therefore, by modern political logic, govern them and tax them. The Germans of Bohemia are, or at all events consider themselves, and have good reason to show for their opinion, a civilized and industrious tribe, above even the average of their race. The descendants of conquering settlers are apt to be so. They own most of the property; they dwell in by far the most thriving part of the country; they pay most of the taxes; they speak one of the great languages of Europe. The Czechs represent a mass of very ordinary peasantry in the country, a "Young Bohemian," commercially unimportant, class in the towns, and talk a dialect which no one but themselves uses or understands. Yet, thanks to the established principles of modern democratic organization, either the Czechs must exercise uncontrolled supremacy, or the two races cannot "under home rule" live together. The latter alternative has prevailed. In the provincial Diet of Bohemia one nationality or the other seems to be always encamped on the Mons Sacer. The Czechs were in a state of "secession" only lately. Now it is the Germans who take their turn. The whole body of German representatives, so runs the latest information, has left the Chamber and taken to sulking; apparently on the notion that if two men have to sit on a horse, and neither will sit behind, one must get off. In nineteenth-century polity, relative number affords the sole criterion between the rights of the two. But where nations are intermixed the numerical majority, as a rule, belongs to the poorest and least advanced portion—the hewers of wood and drawers of water of past generations. If Joseph the Second could rise from his grave now—especially if his qualities could be improved by a dash of his neighbour, Frederic the Great—he would be welcomed by a great many besides Mr. Carlyle.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE THISTLE.

## PART I.

'Twas long after the grass and the flowers, one day,  
That there came straggling along the way  
A little traveller, somewhat late.  
Tired he was; and down he sat  
In the ditch by the road, where he tried to  
nestle  
Out of the dust and the noontide heat,  
Poor little vagabond wayside Thistle!

In the ditch was his only safe retreat,  
Flung out of the field as soon as found there,  
And banisht the garden, where should he  
stay?  
Wherever he roam'd, still Fortune frown'd  
there,  
And wherever he settled, spurn'd him  
away.

From place to place had he wander'd long  
The weary highroad, parch'd with thirst  
Now, here in the ditch, for awhile among  
The brambles hidden, he crouch'd; and first  
Wistfully eyed, on the other side,  
A fresh green meadow with flowerets pied;  
And then, with a pang, as he peep'd and  
pried,

"Oh, to rest there!" he thought, and  
sigh'd.

"Oh, to rest there,  
It is all so fair!

Yonder wanders a brooklet, sure?  
No! it is only the mill-sludge small,  
But he looks like a brook, so bright and pure,  
And his banks are broader'd with violets all.  
What a hurry he seems to be in! Ah why  
Doth he hasten so fast? If I were he,  
There would I linger, and rest, and try  
To be left in peace. . . . Take heed (ah  
me,

He doth not hear me. How weary I am!)  
Take heed for the sake of thine old mill-dam,  
Thou little impetuous fool! I pass'd  
Over the bridge, as I came by the road;  
And under the bridge I saw rolling fast  
A fullgrown river so deep and broad!  
If you go on running like that,—nor look  
Where you are running, you foolish brook,  
You are sure to fall into the water at last,  
And the great big river will eat you up.  
That is all you will get by your heedless haste.  
O, if I were you, it is there I'd stop,  
There, where you are; with the flowers and  
grass!

For I know what it is to wander, alas!  
It is only to fall from bad to worse,  
And find no rest in the universe.

"Soft! . . . I have half a mind to try . . .  
Could one slip in yonder, quietly,  
Where the rippled damp of the deep grass spares  
Cool rest to each roving butterfly,  
How pleasant 'twould be! . . . There is no-  
body by,

And perhaps there is nobody owns, or oars  
To look after, yon meadow. It seems so still,  
Silent and safe. Shall I venture? I will!  
From the ditch it is but a step or two.  
And, maybe, the owner is dead, and the heirs  
Away in the town, and will never know."

Then the little Thistle atiptoe stood  
All in a tremble, sharp yet shy.  
The vagabond's conscience was not good.  
He had been so often a trespasser aly:  
He had been so often caught by the law:  
He had been so often beaten before:  
He was still so small: if a spade he saw



He muttered a *pater noster* o'er,  
And cower'd.

So, cautiously, down he went  
Into the ditch; and then up again  
On the other side; and crouch'd and bent,  
And listen'd with all his soul astrain.  
But nobody noticed him. Nothing stirr'd.  
Not a footstep falling, not even a bird  
Rustled the bushes; and he took heart.

There was still a heap of stones to pass.  
They scratch'd, and tore him, and made him  
smart,

And ruin'd his leaves. But those leaves, alas,  
Already so shatter'd and tatter'd were  
That to keep them longer was worth no care;  
And, at last, he was safe in the meadow; and  
there

"Ah ha!" sigh'd the Thistle, "so far, so  
well!

If I can but stay where I am, I shall fare  
Blithe as the bee in the blossom's bell.  
How green it is here, and how fresh, and fair!  
And O what a pleasure henceforth to dwell  
In this blest abode! to have done with the road,  
And got rid of the ditch! Ah, who can tell  
The rapture of rest to the wanderer's breast?"

Down out of heaven a dewdrop fell  
On the head of the Thistle: and he fell asleep  
In the lap of the twilight soft and deep.

At sunrise he woke: and he still was there  
In the bright grass, breathing the balmy air.  
He stretch'd his limbs, and he shook off the  
dust,

And wash'd himself in the morning dew;  
And, opening his pedlar's pack, out-thrust  
A spruce little pair of leaflets new;  
And made for himself a fine white ruff,

About his neck to wear;  
And pruned and polish'd his prickles tough,  
And put on a holiday air.

And "If only nobody finds me out!"

He laugh'd, as he loll'd among  
The grass, delighted, and look'd about  
And humm'd a homely song;

Which he loved, because, like himself, 'twas  
known

As a wanderer here and there:

"A crown! a crown!

A crown of mine own,

To wind in a maiden's hair!" . . .

But a sweep of the scythe, and a stamp of the  
foot,

And . . . "Vile weed, is there no getting  
rid of thee ever?"

And what little was spared by the scythe, the  
boot

With its hobnails hasten'd to crush and shiver.

## PART II.

'Twas the Farmer, who just then happened to  
pass.

He had gone to the field to cut some grass  
For his beast that morn; and no sooner saw  
The trespasser there *in flagrante delicto*,  
Than, scythe in hand, he enforced the law  
On the luckless offender *vi et ictu*.

All mangled and bruised, the poor little Thistle  
With his desperate roots to the soil clung fast.  
The Farmer away, with a careless whistle,  
Homeward over the meadow pass'd.

The Thistle breath'd frèer, and shook his gasht  
head.

"All's well, if it be no worse!" he said.

"My crown is gone; but 'twill grow again,

There is many another (*I feel it*) in me!

And one must not make too much of the pain.

Only, you good saints, let me not be

Torn up by the roots and thrown into the road!

Only not that! Let me still contrive

To rest here somehow or other! I see

One must be on one's guard. Too soon I show'd

Myself at home in my new abode,

And so lost my head. But I'll struggle and  
strive,

As long as I live, to keep alive."

Then his roots he burrow'd more deep and broad.

But every day 'twas the selfsame thing!

Though he made himself little, and hid his head,

Trying with all his might to cling

Close to the soil and appear to be dead.

For his spacious leaves, that were carved and  
curl'd

For Corinthian columns in temples fair,

He could not check them, when these unfurl'd

Their flourishing architecture there,

And, all about him their beauty spreading,

Layer on layer uprose from below;

And the hardy young head, in despite of behead-  
ing,

Sprang up again — for the scythe to mow!  
Round and about him each blossom was blow-  
ing:

No chance of blowing had he found ever,  
Who no sooner was seen than the sharp steel  
mowing,

Or the harsh foot crushing him, stopp'd the  
endeavour.

And "O blessèd," he sigh'd, "is the blossom  
that blows!

Colours I know of, no eyes yet see,

But I dare not show them; and nobody knows,

Nobody guesses, what's hidden in me!

In all the world but one creature, alas,

For love's sake seeks me; and he is an ass!"

